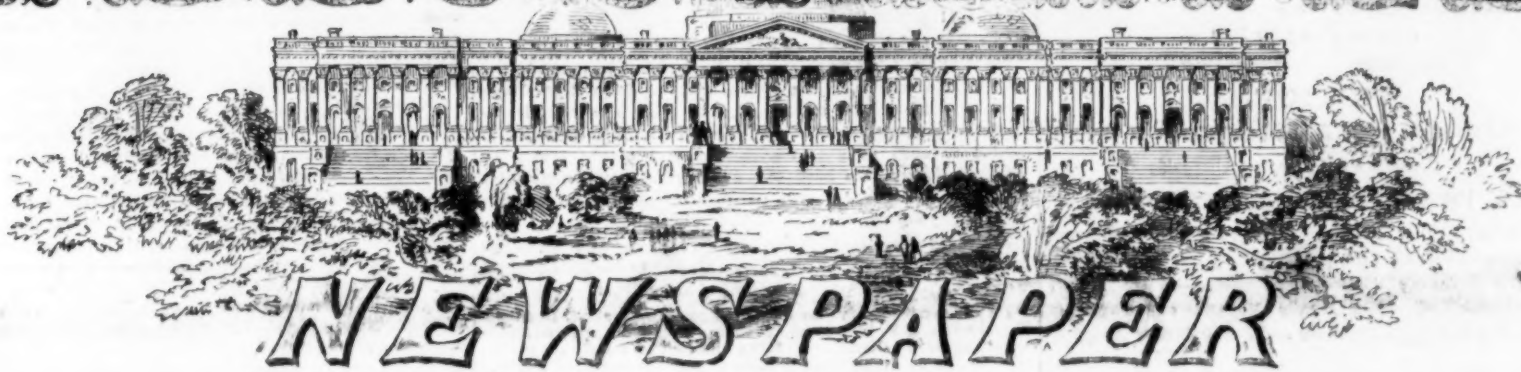


FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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No. 219.—Vol. IX.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1860.

[PRICE 6 CENTS.]

GRAND EXPOSURE OF THE CEREMONIES OF THE SONS OF MALTA, BY AN EYE WITNESS.

TO OUR READERS!—Before commencing our task we wish to state, that in exposing the absurd and ludicrous ceremonies of the Sons of Malta, we are prompted to do it by no ill-feeling towards the Order or any of its members. As early as the establishment of the first Lodge in New York, we were invited to join the Brotherhood. Our friends even proffered to pay the initiation fee on the condition that if after we had been admitted we were not perfectly satisfied, it should not cost us anything. But we were always sceptical as to the character of the "Order," believing that there was some huge joke wrapped up in its mysteries, and consequently we steadfastly declined the honor of initiation.

Our "Shadow," however, has now enlightened us upon the subject of the Sons of Malta; he has "been there," has seen and heard everything, and we now proceed to lay before our readers the results of his discoveries.

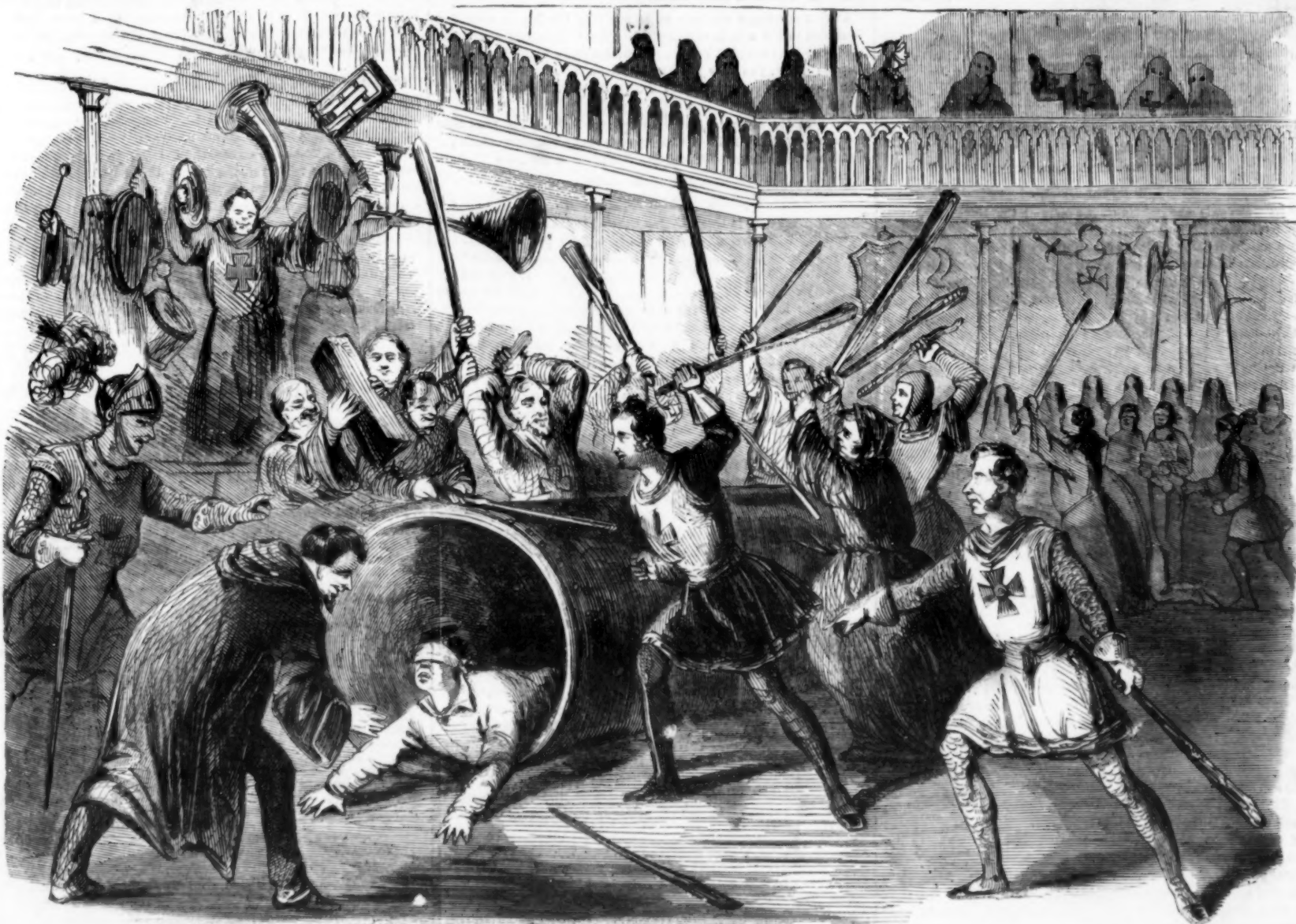
It appears that the generous offer which was made to us is made



SONS OF MALTA—BEGINNING OF THE IMPOSING CEREMONIES—CANDIDATES PRECEDED BY THE OFFICERS AWAITING ADMISSION TO THE LODGE.

to every one who is marked out as a victim or candidate, and the "greenhorns," taken in by the apparent fairness and cheapness of the transaction, in almost every case conclude to join, and afterwards, for obvious reasons, pay the fee and say nothing about it, considering, probably, the solemn enormity of the "hoax" worth more than is demanded.

To whom is due the honor of the conception of the Order of the Sons of Malta will, in all probability, never be known. He must be a "wag" of the first order, and not a very scrupulous one at that. Its birthplace is given by general consent to New Orleans. Some say that its paternity may be traced to the filibuster army of General Walker, then preparing for its raid upon Cuba. Another account is that it was organized during the ravages of the Yellow Fever, intended to divert the minds of the terrified and desponding people, and to raise funds for purposes of charity, such as burying the homeless dead, &c. Whatever may have been its origin, certain it is



SONS OF MALTA—THE ROUGH ROAD OF THE CANDIDATE—HAVING PASSED BLINDFOLDED THROUGH MANY TRIBULATIONS, HE IS SUDDENLY TILTED DOWN A STEEP PLANK AND TOLD TO "CRAWL FOR HIS LIFE"—HE CRAWLS THROUGH A HUGE IRON TUBE, UPON WHICH THE BROTHERS POUND WITH STOUT STAVES, AND THE MUSICAL DEPARTMENT BEAT GONGS AND SIDE-DRUMS, AND TAMBOURINES, SPRING RATTLES, BLOW COW HORNS, AND CRUSH OUT HORRORS FROM THE ACCORDION.

that it was first heard of in New Orleans some four or five years ago; thence it spread with astonishing rapidity all over the country. Lodges sprang up like mushrooms—in almost every city or town a Brotherhood was to be found; proselytes were made without number, until the "Sons" were counted not by hundreds but by tens of thousands. There were plenty of travelling J. A.'s to be found, who, with that profound love of the Order which distinguishes all the Brotherhood, carried the germs of new Lodges to distant countries, and soon not only England, but the continent swarmed with the fraternity, until a J. A. could be sure of meeting a brother J. A. wherever his way should chance to fall.

(Continued on page 169.)

NOTICE.

We Shall Remove

our whole establishment in a few days, to the magnificent

NEW FIVE-STORY MARBLE BUILDING,

just erected in Park Row, opposite the Hall of Records, from whence we shall issue all Frank Leslie's popular widely circulated publications. *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*—*Frank Leslie's Zeitung*—*Frank Leslie's New Family Magazine and Gazette of Fashion*—*Frank Leslie's Pictorial* and *Frank Leslie's Budget of Fun*.

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE, 624 BROADWAY, NEAR HOUTON STREET.
THE NEW SCOTTISH DRAMA EVERY NIGHT THIS WEEK.
MISS AGNES ROBERTSON AS JEANIE DEANS.
MISS LAURA KEENE AS EFFIE DEANS.
Dress Circle seats may be secured ONE WEEK in advance.
Doors open at half-past six; to commence at half-past seven o'clock.
Performance over at ten o'clock.
Admission, Fifty and Twenty-five Cents.

WINTER GARDEN.—
OLIVER TWIST EVERY NIGHT.
Great Novelties in preparation.
Dress Circle Seats may be secured ONE WEEK in advance. Doors open at half-past six. Admission, Fifty and Twenty-five Cents.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.—GRAND DRAMATIC REOPENING.
NEW AND POPULAR COMPANY OF COMEDIANS.
Every Afternoon at 3, and Evening at 7½ o'clock.
Also, the GRAND AQUARIUM, or Ocean and River Gardens; Living Serpents, Happy Family, &c., &c.
Admission to all, 25 cents; Children under ten, 13 cents.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—COOKE'S ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE.—
The extensive and brilliant Equestrian Troupe of
MR. WM. COOKE,
late of Astley's London Amphitheatre.
A GRAND EQUESTRIAN MATINEE
Will be given on Wednesdays and Saturdays, commencing at two o'clock, for the convenience of families living at a distance.
Doors open in the evening at 6½ o'clock; performances to commence at 7½.
Boxes, 60 cts.; Orchestra Chairs, \$1; Private boxes, \$5 to \$6.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 11, 1860.

ARTISTS and authors are invited to send to Frank Leslie comic contributions either of the pen or pencil for the *Budget of Fun*. The price to be stated when forwarded.

TERMS FOR THIS PAPER.

One Copy.....	17 weeks	1
One do.....	1 year	\$ 3
Two do.....	1 year	\$ 5
Or one Copy.....	2 years	\$ 6
Three Copies.....	1 year	\$ 6
Five do.....	1 year	\$10

And an extra Copy to the person sending a Club of Five. Every additional subscription, \$2.

OFFICE, 13 FRANKFORT STREET, NEW YORK.

The Speakership.

The long struggle at Washington is over and the House of Representatives has a Speaker at last. The Democrats have triumphed to the extent of defeating Sherman, but they had not force enough to elect one of their own party. It must be confessed, Governor Pennington is preferable to Mr. Sherman, despite the intellect and respectability of the latter, since the presiding officer of the House should not be one who is personally offensive to the large body of the members comprising the Democratic party. We therefore consider that the Republican party has shown great discretion in abandoning their "Hobson's choice" of John Sherman and substituting Governor Pennington, who stands in the happy position of being a consistent politician and yet personally agreeable to all sections of our national politics.

The late struggle has ended as all disputed questions should end between two great parties—a compromise; for although we are as much opposed as any to a compromise of principle, yet, in such matters as that of choosing an officer to preside over a great deliberative Assembly like the House of Representatives of the United States, due courtesy should be ever shown by the dominant party to its opponents.

We therefore congratulate the country upon the happy settlement of a difficulty which at one time threatened to lead to more serious results than even the temporary cessation of the public business.

Anglo-Saxon gerdorn.

MR. WENDELL PHILLIPS has lately tested the masonry work of the Cooper Institute, and no such fate as that of the Pemberton Mills will ever befall the building which graces the corner of Eighth street and the Bowery; for, if the walls of Jericho fell down at the braying of Joshua's trumpet, the walls of the Cooper Institute ought to have come down by the run at the braying of Wendell Phillips. We have neither space nor inclination to follow the orator through the entire lecture; we shall merely select a few brilliant brays, worthy of the insistent donkey that ever made the Bowery hideous with its vocal efforts. His "bray the first" declared that a bloodthirsty negro, who poisoned the wells of St. Domingo, and murdered five hundred Frenchmen in cold blood, was a greater man than Oliver Cromwell, Napoleon I., or George Washington. We know enough of abolition arithmetic to calculate, if Ossawatimie Brown was a saint for being instrumental to the death of nineteen white persons, what a divinity in the eyes of a Wendell Phillips that man must be who murders five hundred. And we can also easily understand how little sympathy he can have with the brewer of Huntington, who put to death the tyrant of his favorite England, and who had the additional merit of being a King and a perjurer! His objection,

however, to Napoleon surprises us, for by the same rule of arithmetic, surely the man who slew a million of men by his insane lust for glory, ought to have soared far above Toussaint, even after every allowance has been made for the unfortunate fact of the Corsican being a white man, or, the next thing to it, an olive complexion. The objection to Washington we rejoice at, since we should have been sorry had the worshipper of a poisoning nigger placed the founder of our Republic near Toussaint! When a man puts Z at the beginning of the Alphabet, the letter A cannot fail to be at the other end!

The last and loudest bray was the unkindest bray of all to his favorite England, but we presume the increased sanity shown by our transatlantic cousins on the slavery question has somewhat disgusted the Bobolitionist orator, and we therefore accept his declaration that the nigger was the next race to the Anglo-Saxon, as intended to warn them of the consequences of abandoning the Almighty Nigger. We have only one parallel to this remarkable statement, and that is George Christy's conclusion, that "Sambo and Pompey are very much alike, 'specially Sambo!"

That our readers may not think we have done an injustice to this man, and also to show how far he is on his way to the Utica Asylum, we give verbatim the concluding bray of his oration:

Do you say the black man has no courage? Go to St. Domingo. Bend down and ask the graves of those 52,000 Frenchmen who perished and were buried there. Go to France and ask for the graves of the 8,000 soldiers who skulked away under the cover of the English Jack. And if that is not enough, come home, if you please, by the way of quaking Virginia. Remember that our proud Saxon race was enslaved, villeins and serfs by law, for more than five hundred years; and remember, too, that they lost their manhood so thoroughly that they did not dare to strike their own redemption, and waited until the fires of civilization, literature and advancing Christianity had melted their fetters off. Proud Saxon, must you be told that the blacks are the only race, and St. Domingo the only spot, where slaves have had the manhood and the bravery to rise and strike the fetters from their own limbs!

Even from this man's own showing, this manhood and bravery chiefly consisted in poisoning wells and murdering unresisting prisoners. Dr. Johnson once said, "What is the religion of that people whose God is a monkey?" We may narrow down the question—what is the manhood and bravery of one who reduces these attributes to poisoning and murder?

We will give one more extract of this remarkable he-haw, which we should not have noticed but for the fact of its being highly praised by several papers, and hope that after reading it his friends will take care that Polonius plays the fool nowhere but in his own house:

We might call Toussaint the Cromwell of the race; but Cromwell was only a soldier, while Toussaint was a statesman as well. We might call him the Napoleon—he resembled him in very many striking points of character; but Napoleon waded to power through seas of blood. The noble Washington, our own patriot father, came nearest to him, but Washington never was called upon to display such magnanimity as Toussaint exhibited when, in bidding his boy farewell, he said, "My son, you will one day go back to St. Domingo—forget that France murdered your father." You think that I am a fanatic to-night. But you read history with your prejudices, and not with your eyes. A hundred years hence, some Tacitus will take Phocion as the noblest model of the Greek, and Brutus of the Roman—put Hampden for the glory of England and Lafayette for France—choose Washington as the bright consummate flower of the last generation, and John Brown, of Harper's Ferry, for this; and then, dipping his pen in the sunlight, he will write high in the clear blue above them all, the name of the patriot, soldier, statesman and martyr—"Toussaint L'Ouverture."

A spirit of candor compels us to say that the heroic speech of Toussaint to his son is not original. Like "Woodman, spare that Tree," we have heard it before, and we infinitely prefer it in its first shape—"Boys, you have got Bumble, the constable, tied hand and foot; when you carry him past the pond, be sure you don't duck him in it!"

We give the same advice to the men of Boston—the next time you catch Wendell Phillips talking such crazy nonsense, don't put him in a straight waistcoat, and don't take him to the Utica Asylum!

Gymnasia and Recreation.

TWENTY years ago, in these United States, amusement, or anything resembling it, was regarded with an evil eye by the very great majority of those whose moral character and social position made them the models and mentors of the rising generation. If they did not positively condemn all joyous recreation, they did what was practically quite as bad in giving it no encouragement, and positively suffering it to become identified with dissipation and all manner of evil. They permitted the devil to steal the best weapon from the arsenal of virtue, and then regarded it as his invention! The Pharisee who once hinted at "my serious state of mind," closed the argument; the laughter of the young died away when the moral creak of his boots was heard approaching; the young lady closed her piano, the boys were called to stop playing on the lawn. It was generally admitted that cheerfulness, if not positively wrong, was at least a most unwelcome guest in the hall of morality.

The worst effect of this Phariseism was to seriously injure health. All physical exercise, to be of much real use, must, to a certain degree, partake of the character of sport. Sawing wood and solitary walking may in themselves be good for health, but if the world depended on them alone for exercise it would be badly off. Yet this great truth has been blindly ignored. The idea that the development of health and strength should form a necessary part of all education never entered the heads of the old fogies. That anything more should be understood by "education" than learning lessons and behaving well was never dreamed of in their philosophy. Any one who was in an American college within a very few years, will bear witness that the whole system of studies and of life which there prevailed was apparently founded on the theory that a student was a being with a constitution of iron and of India rubber. The greatest praise attached to the one who studied from early morning until long after midnight in pursuit of a "grade." He might grow pale, thin, dyspeptic; the faculty had only praises for the young doct—so long as he never transgressed rules and always recited well. What did they care that his four years were passed in joyless, wearying study? and why should they give themselves any trouble to provide recreation for those committed to their care? The conviction of its folly and vanity was deeply seated in their souls, and if remonstrated with, they urged that boys would always find themselves amusement—never fear for that! And the boys did. They drank rum, robbed beer-keeps, smoked out recitation-rooms, oiled benches, played all manner of dirty, dissipated, destructive tricks, and no wonder. Nothing was required of them but good behavior and hard study, and they learned to hate both, and devote their time to evading the requisitions. This destroyed much manliness, and degraded the student to the mere school-boy. Their songs did, and we fear that many do still, express dislike of study, dread of examinations, and

eff. ly celebrated escapes from those intellectual labors in which every young man should take pride. The whole system was wrong, and, as a natural consequence, the results were bad.

Within a very few years, we might almost say within a few months, symptoms of an awakening from this old-fashioned nightmare of folly and wickedness have appeared. The death of a young lady in a boarding-school brought out from a physician the fact that it was not unusual for growing girls to be kept over their books literally from rising to bed time, excepting the time allotted to meals and one hour of monotonous walking! This caused very natural indignation, and a medical man asserted that perfect health required six hours of cheerful exercise a day; while others, who had studied education, bore testimony to the truth that those who thus exercised could pursue their studies to greater advantage, and learn more in consequence of it. Then our cotemporary journals began to furnish melancholy and perfectly authentic statistics relative to the fearful condition of the health of American ladies. It was found that the increased luxuries of modern life, when not corrected by exercise, produced the most terrible effects. It was discovered, too, that a perfect system of education implied a full and equal development of the physical as well as moral and mental faculties. Hitherto the world has taken it for granted that, in spite of all increase of luxury and nervous head work, health is something which will come of itself. Now the stern fact is forcing itself on the minds of the intelligent, that health must be worked for and that the body has its rights, and that an injured body causes a morbid, sickly, immoral soul. In short, there is a rebellion against the grim old tyrannical ignorance of the past, and the body, so long oppressed by sour asceticism, begins to cry out that joyousness and health, and the pleasure in all things which are beautiful, are no sins; that they have nothing to do with sin, but are, on the contrary, most intimately allied with all that is good and true. Even among the clergy there have not been wanting men who have seen clearly that it is their duty to promote cheerfulness and amusement, and that he is but a blind guide who suffers the great possible aid to true morality to escape him. In this connection, we would call attention to "The Christian Law of Amusement," a manly, vigorous, noble-hearted little book, by the Rev. Mr. Corning, a Presbyterian clergyman in Buffalo; a work, of which it may be said, with truth, that it deserves to be learned by heart by every parent and teacher in the country.

The intimate connection between recreation and physical exercise may be best understood by those who have inspected the system of a well-appointed and properly conducted gymnasium. We mean, however, a modern gymnasium, with teachers and classes in which pupils are gradually advanced from calisthenics to the apparatus, and not an old-fashioned affair where boys were turned in loose to tumble about like young monkeys in a wood; and where exercise is not to be confined to mere development of arms and chest. In a properly conducted gymnasium, where the principles laid down by European writers on the art are closely followed, there is no possible danger of the young injuring themselves by premature exertion, while it offers as many remedies for diseases as the *Materia Medica*. Half the disorders to which humanity is liable may be prevented by judicious exercise. How often the dyspeptic or consumptive patient is told vaguely to "exercise." And so he goes out every day walking. Let him go to a skillful teacher in gymnastics, state his case, begin moderately in calisthenics and gradually advance to the bars and other apparatus. "Not I," exclaims Aminadab Slick. "At my time of life 'twould be unbecoming to a laborer in the vineyard to indulge in such boyish vanities." Poor fool, as if there were any time of life unfit for rational exertion, or as if there were any sound metal in that "dignity" which could be effected by manly exertion.

Our remarks have been suggested by reading an account of the late opening of the gymnasium at Cambridge, Massachusetts. We have of late months observed with real pleasure that many such schools for rational education have been established in many towns. Let the movement become general. There is no girl, no man who has not positively fallen into the decrepitude of old age, who cannot obtain lasting benefit from healthy joyous exercise. Try it steadily at least for a few months, and then see if you are not better off for the exertion. See if your dyspepsia does not depart, if you are not habitually more cheerful, and if the consciousness of being able to jump, run and climb like a boy is not an addition to happiness. Most of all would we urge the necessity of such education on young women. It is worth more to them than the piano, more than French, more than any accomplishment; and what is more, it will enable them to acquire more easily all manner of intellectual gifts.

Jersey Justice.

FOR years it has been a facetious remark of reproach that New Jersey was out of the Union, and we must confess that some recent transactions in that State have quite reconciled us to the idea. One of the most brutal outrages ever perpetrated in a land above Canaan has lately met its exposure and punishment in the present Session in Hudson County, and that it may be a warning to magistrates who lend themselves to such cowardly and brutal actions, we copy from the New York Herald a report of the trial:

A suit was tried in the Hudson County Court, before Judge Ogden, in which two sisters, Caroline and Louisa Bates, residing at Bull's Ferry, brought action to recover damages against David C. Dyer and John J. Earle—the latter named a Justice of the Peace—for an alleged false imprisonment. It appears that Mr. Dyer held a promissory note against the plaintiffs for the sum of \$100, and under some pretence early last spring he went before Justice Earle, at Union Hill, and procured a warrant for their arrest. Mr. Dyer, accompanied by a constable, proceeded to the house of the ladies and endeavored to induce them to secure the debt by a bill of sale of some household effects. The constable becoming impatient, stated he had a warrant to take the ladies before the Justice of the Peace, and intimated that he must use force if necessary. The plaintiffs were accordingly taken in an open wagon, some three or four miles to the Justice's court, which was held in the upper part of a larger beer saloon. Here, after being detained some four or five hours, it was ascertained that the note was not yet due by some two months. The prisoners were then discharged, and taken home during a rain storm, in the open wagon. It was alleged that the excitement and exposure resulted in sickness; for this, as well as the illegality and the disgrace attendant upon the arrest, a suit was brought to recover damages. Judge Ogden in his charge to the jury called their attention to the law, which expressly forbids the arrest and imprisonment of females in cases similar to the above. The jury, after being out nearly two hours, rendered a verdict against the defendants, and awarded \$400 damages.

We do not see why it should have taken the jury two hours to come to a verdict on such a case, without the well-known kindness of the officials had managed to surreptitiously muggle upon it some of those convenient gentlemen who are ever ready to declare black is white—for a consideration. We have heard that it is no unusual thing for a constable in some parts of New Jersey to arrest a person on the most frivolous pretences, and although bound by his oath of office to take him before the first Justice he can find, he yet keeps

him locked up in a filthy cell till he can meet with his favorite Justice, with whom, no doubt, he has made a very pleasant arrangement. These proceedings must and shall be stopped. At all events they shall be exposed.

EDITORIAL GLANCES AT MEN AND THINGS.

The *Herald* is, after all, almost as great a comic paper as the *Express*. What delicate irony in the following:

"And the record of Mr. Buchanan's Administration is one of such high-toned practical Statesmanship as to prove beyond all doubt that he is the man of the hour."

Rather a queer proof of Statesmanship, merely the Statesman of an hour! That is only one grade removed from the man who can't see beyond the length of his nose. Bennett never said a more cruel thing of his friend James. Not for all time—only for an hour!

The *Irish News*, which, we are happy to say, our friend Mr. Meagher, has now nothing to do with, gives a pleasant glimpse of its opinion of an American editor:

"The Bishop of Orleans has written a bold and vehement reply to the famous brochure. These letters are, at least, temperate; but another of the Bishop's opponents, the *Siecle*, is vulgarly and viciously personal. The articles are not like French journalism at all; but rather resemble the outpourings of an English or American editor."

So, according to the *Irish News*, an American editor is "a vulgar and vicious animal." We should like to have the editor of the *Express*'s opinion of an Irish editor.

Passing Notices.

The Furniture Business in New York—Its Great Extent.—Few persons are aware of the enormous business carried on in the furniture warehouses in New York, or of the vast amount of capital embarked therein. We were recently enlightened upon the subject during a business visit which we paid last week to Degraw & Taylor's large furniture establishment in the Bowery. After we had finished our business in the store, we were requested to walk through and examine the establishment.

We commenced what we found to be a somewhat laborious duty, for the premises are really immensely extensive, consisting of five stories besides the store, having twenty-five feet front by two hundred feet deep, running from the Bowery into Christie street. The store and the two floors above are filled with well finished and beautiful furniture of every description, arranged for inspection and ready for sale. The fourth and fifth stories are literally crammed with rosewood and mahogany frames of sofas, chairs, tables, &c., of every conceivable shape and pattern which taste or fashion has suggested or demanded, waiting for the upholsterer and the polisher to finish them for sale. No one who has not witnessed it would believe that one establishment could have need to keep such an enormous stock as is seen in the warehouses of Degraw & Taylor. Chairs and sofas are not only to be found by the dozen but by the hundred.

The sixth story is used for polishing and upholstering, and every foot of the vast space is busily occupied. Even the roof is boarded over, and is used for drying the furniture after it is polished.

Degraw & Taylor do an immense Southern business, and have large packing-rooms and every necessary convenience for shipping goods on a large scale. We cannot give a better idea of the extent of their business and stock than is conveyed in a remark they made to us, "that they could completely furnish two good-sized hotels out of their stock on hand, and hardly notice that anything had been subtracted." We can recommend all who want furniture to call upon Degraw & Taylor; they will find in their stock everything they want, and in the proprietors honorable and fair-dealing men.

Among the Most Brilliant and successful of our weekly papers must be mentioned the *New York Weekly*, a candidate for public favor, not very old, but healthy, strong and flourishing. It is essentially a reading paper, containing a vast amount of interesting matter in the shape of brilliant stories, sketches, brief powerful tales, poems and miscellanies of varied interest. Its list of contributors comprises many of the most popular writers of the day, and its continued novels have met with extraordinary success. It has just commenced a new and exciting story called "Lillian the Wanderer, or the Perils of Beauty," which is said to be of deep interest. Mrs. Holmes's fine story of "Marian Gray" is also continued, besides a host of other matter which we have not space to specify.

The *New York Weekly*, by its own merits and the enterprise and skill of its proprietors, has already reached an enormous circulation, which is, we understand, still on the increase.

The "Hop" at the Metropolitan Hotel, the second of the season, was gay and brilliant as usual. There were nearly 1,500 persons present, comprising the beauty, intelligence and fashion of the city, together with many strangers of distinguished social and political position. Despite the "irrepressible conflict," there were some three hundred Southern gentlemen present, who seemed to enjoy themselves very heartily. The Leland seem to have a way of pleasing our Southern brethren, and the Metropolitan is their pet place of residence. Among the company present were General Comonfort, ex-President of Mexico; General Arrapa, ex-Secretary of Mexico; ex-Mayor Nickle and Recorder Barnard. The United States Army was represented by Captain Myers, Lieutenants Lazelle, McNeely, Smith, Porter and Whipple. There were also present Hon. J. Dixon Roman, of Maryland; Colonel Sykes, of Kingston; J. R. Curtis, of Hyde Park; Colonel Lee, of Philadelphia; Governor Price, of New Jersey; Judge Price, of New Jersey; Major Bessler, of California; Hon. P. D. Redding, of California; General Mulbury, and many others.

Personal.

A PARIS PAPER declares that the widow of Santerre, the brewer—who played so prominent a part in the first French Revolution, and presided at the execution of Louis XVI.—is still living. She resides in the Faubourg St. Germain, and affirms that she has in her possession the keys of the Bastille; also a number of curious minutes and manuscripts relative to persons who were imprisoned in it at fortress.

By the way, there is some humming about these keys. It has been asserted that after the taking of the Bastille the French Government had a number of duplicates made and presented to eminent patriots. General Washington received one.

Mr. S. C. Howe, the treasurer of the Pemberton Mills, testified at the Coroner's inquest that he heard a noise and instantly the mill ceased its operation. On looking toward the direction from which the noise proceeded he discovered to his considerable alarm that the columns were falling toward himself, and that it would require the utmost celerity for him to take his departure from the premises. He proceeded toward a door which seemed to open as he and Mr. Chase approached it, when Mr. Chase very politely offered him the opportunity of going out first! Mr. Chase may be set down as a well-bred man.

The courtly Irish gentleman, Arthur Dillon, who politely took the place of a twy at the guillotine in order to give her a few minutes longer life, was not more so.

Twenty-six members of the British peerage died during 1859. To these must be added twenty-two baronets, twenty-two knights and four members of the House of Commons. Two European sovereigns died—the Kings of Naples and Sweden. The ancient Metternich has disappeared from Austria, and the learned Humboldt from Prussia. England misses Brunel and Stephenson, and Hallam and Macaulay, and Leigh Hunt and De Quincy, and Sir James Stephen; while France has lost De Tocqueville; and the United States William Prescott and Washington Irving.

The Rev. ELIJAH WARD died in Willsborough, Ohio, on the 16th ultimo, at the ripe old age of ninety-four years. He joined the New York Conference in 1801, and for more than half a century was a Methodist preacher of no common order of talent. He was familiarly known as "Old Father Ward."

A WEDDING took place in Oxford, Marquette county, Wis., a few days since, and soon after the knot was taken off by a neighbor to sit up with a sick person. The bridegroom next morning applied to the Justice to have himself unmarried, but the functionary informed him the thing could not be did.

No people travel more than opera singers. The *Charleston News*, in referring to the concert to be given at that place by Madame Anna Bishop, thus speaks of her travels since her last visit to this country: "She has almost circumnavigated the globe, having visited Mexico, Central America, San Francisco, Australia, crossed the Pacific, again landing in Peru, South America, remaining a season in Lima, the capital. At all such places she gave concerts with great success. Going south from thence, she visited Valparaiso and Santiago, Ch. B. From that city she made her way across the Cordilleras or Andes of South America on the backs of mules as far as Mendoza. From thence, passing the great pampas or plains of the Argentine Confederation, she visited its capital, Parana, going to Buenos Ayres, Monte Video, appearing in opera in each of these places, taking Rio Janeiro en route to England."

A GENTLEMAN, who resided at Plattsburgh, Iowa, on returning from Pike's Peak, recently discovered that a young man of his acquaintance had seduced his wife and the fact becoming public, she had decamped. At last accounts

he was travelling through the State on horseback, armed with two revolvers, in search of the seducer.

Our Minister to Austria has appointed Albert G. Lawrence, son of Governor Lawrence, of Rhode Island, an *attaché* to the Vienna Legation.

Miss Thompson, in Tennessee, has recovered \$15,000 in a suit for a breach of promise against a man named Patterson.

A LETTER from Beyrout says, "The American Ambassador has left for Sidon, Tyre, Acre and Jaffa, whence he proceeds to Jerusalem, and afterward to Alexandria, where his family is to winter."

NEAR Babylon, L. I., on the 18th ult., Mr. Silas Muncy, aged eighty-five years, died. Also, at the same time and place, Sarah, wife of Silas Muncy, aged eighty-two years, has just died. This aged couple had lived together as man and wife for the last sixty-three years, and that they should both be taken from this life at the same time is regarded as a singular coincidence, from the fact that for years past they had expressed the wish that such might be the case.

The *Times* notes the fact that not a single Conservative of note was in Westminster Abbey during the funeral of Lord Macaulay.

The Monmouth, N. J., *Democrat* raises the name of William C. Alexander for Vice-President of the United States.

The most astonishing Western hunter was Lord Gore, who remained nearly three years on the plains and the plateau of the table lands between the Sierra Madre and Sierra Nevada. His retinue consisted of thirty men, sixty horses, large baggage and provision trains, tons of ammunition, and \$10,000 worth of improved firearms.

ART ITEMS.

Our great portrait painter Elliott, is at present engaged upon a portrait of ex-Governor Seymour. It is ordered by the City, to be placed in the Governor's Room in the City Hall. It will be a full length portrait.

A statue by Crawford, called the "Dancing Jenny," is now on exhibition at the Dusseldorf Gallery. This statue was presented by Crawford's widow to Dr. Fell, the eminent surgeon who attended the artist in his latest moments, and has just arrived at this port per ship Palestine. This work was a favorite with the lamented artist, being modelled after his daughter, whose name it bears. It is the life-size, and represents her in the attitude of dancing.

Rosa Bonheur is about to visit the United States professionally. An opulent French gentleman, an enthusiast in art, some time since commissioned her ladyship to cross the Atlantic, proceed to the great prairies of the Far West, and paint from life a herd of wild buffaloes. She was to take her own time, accomplish it in her own way, and fix her own price. At first she declined to entertain the proposition, but finally, after turning it over in her mind and reflecting what an original and splendid work she could make, she has accepted the offer and comes over in the spring to make the picture.

We learn from Richmond, Va., that Crawford's statue of George Mason was placed upon its pedestal between Patrick Henry and Jefferson, last week.

Randolph Rogers, Crawford's successor, is making rapid headway with the other statues intended for the Virginia Washington Monument.

The pictures of Italian scenery, painted by G. L. Browne, now on exhibition in Tenth street, near Broadway, will, we learn, soon be withdrawn from the public. Those lovers of art who have not seen these pictures should take an early opportunity of paying them a visit of observation.

We remind our readers that the private galleries of Messrs. Aspinwall & Belmont are available on stated days to all who wish to visit them. Applications for cards of admission may be made to the janitor of the Studio Building in Tenth street.

SALE OF PICTURES AT THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.—On Tuesday and Wednesday evenings last a sale of pictures took place at the National Academy. It was a sale on account of the artist, who instructed W. H. Leeds & Co. to dispose of the works. The prices obtained ranged from \$15 to \$1,600, the whole realizing nearly \$24,000. The following pictures obtained the highest prices: Murray's "Office of Toleration," P. F. Rothornel, \$600; New England Scenery, F. E. Church, \$1,400; Coast Scenery, Achenbach, \$1,600; Landscape, A. B. Durand, \$220; Indian Rendezvous, J. F. Kensett, \$325; Game and Beating, C. De Groux, \$450; Washington and General W. S. Mason, \$400; Gipsy Group, W. Shayer, senior, \$300; Boy and Rabbits, J. T. Peele, \$220; Elm Tree, A. F. Bellows, \$225; Landscape, J. W. Cassiell, \$162; Winter and Summer, Gignoux, \$200; Picabo, Schlossinger, \$405; Sheep Feeding, T. S. Cooper, \$160; Interior, Meyer, \$275.

MUSIC.

Italian Opera—Fourteenth Street.—After one of the most successful seasons on record, the Ullman and Strakosch Opera Company, its successful and triumphant leader—that charming child of genius—Adelina Patti, has returned to New York to give us a little music and then depart to far-off regions. We stated in our last issue that we were to have a season in which novelties were to follow each other in rapid succession, and as earnest of the fulfillment of managerial promises—a rare thing at any time—the season commences with Adelina Patti as Elvira in "I Puritani," a character which she has not yet sustained in this city. Of her performance we shall speak in our next.

The other novelties will appear in due time, and will insure for the management a brilliant pecuniary result.

There has been a grand rumpus between Gazzaniga and the management, which has, of course, resulted in cards; according to which each party is perfectly right and the other side immeasurably wrong. The lady says the management cannot meet their obligations, the management say that when they engaged the lady at the trifling salary of \$2,300 a month, they supposed she would not only sing, but could also attract crowded audiences. They have since found out—Adelina Patti had appeared—that her voice is bad, or she does not sing so well, or the public will not come to hear, or the salary is inconvenient, or they do not want her, and hence the difference of opinion between artist and managers.

There is doubtless a little wrong on both sides. At the time the engagement was made, the managers were at the end of their resources, so they thought. But where was Patti? All their imported prima donnas had failed, and they rushed to Gazzaniga for help. Gazzaniga is said to be a fast liver, and she certainly possesses a keen eye to business, for finding that she had become a necessity, she made her terms, and the sum demanded was only a few thousands more per annum than the United States pays to her chief executive officer, the President. The bargain was closed, for there was no other way to extricate the management, but it proved a bad bargain, for she failed to attract our capricious public, and the concern was becoming more and more hopelessly involved, when a young, bright star appeared in the musical horizon, hope was born with her advent, and its promise was happily fulfilled. Success dawned upon the affairs of the Academy, Patti was all in all, Gazzaniga was one too many. The managers wished to be quit of an engagement which did not pay; the lady desired to retain a position which brought in between five and six hundred dollars a week. The affair is one which should have been settled by arbitration; it should never have come before the public; it throws discredit upon the operatic institution, and is damaging to the popularity and the credit of both parties.

Max Maretzek in Havana.—The indefatigable Max Maretzek seems to have made captive the entire fashion of Havana. He is now in his fourth subscription season, and it is said there is no falling off either in the attendance or the enthusiasm. Maretzek has been fortunate in all his company, but his tenors—those lovers of the fashionable ladies!—have created a perfect *furor*. It is generally conceded that Maretzek has achieved a great artistic and pecuniary success.

Report says that Max Maretzek will bring his great company to New York, and perform at the Academy the coming month. The public will give him a hearty welcome.

Gottschalk has been giving a very successful series of concerts in Cuba. We should be glad to hear him once more.

Young Arthur Napoleon has just arrived in Havana, and will shortly give piano-forte recitals in that city.

DRAMA.

Winter Garden.—Lesbia' not proving so attractive as was anticipated, was set aside after Tuesday last to give place to Mr. Jefferson's version of "Oliver Twist," which was produced on Thursday evening to an audience as large as this theatre would comfortably hold.

It is hardly fair to judge a piece that depends much for its success upon scenic display from a first performance, for the machinery never works well, and some trouble is sure to ensue; from some cause of this kind the last tableau of "Oliver Twist" was on Thursday sadly marred, the curtain being lowered before the climax was reached.

The scene representing London Bridge, however, was extremely beautiful, and called forth repeated plaudits.

Of the acting of this piece we cannot speak in terms of praise, with the exception of Johnstone and Holland, who were very good in their respective parts of the Artful Dodger and Mr. Bumble; the artists were each and all sadly out of their lines. Mr. Wallace as Fagin gave a very tragic picture of the part; Mr. Jordan could not disguise himself as Bill Sykes, and Miss Horon, we cannot think, has added to her reputation by her impersonation of Nancy Sykes; why a lady who aspires to wear the crown of tragedy should descend to such a part we are at a loss to determine. The play will doubtless run much smoother after a few representations, and we hope it may enjoy a remunerative career.

There is no other novelty to note in the theatrical line, for Miss Keene still keeps the "Heart of Mid-Lothian" on the bill; and the "Romance of a Poor Young Man," at Wallack's, bids fair to monopolize the rest of the season.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Rhineman, the paramour of Hartung and indicted with her for the murder of her husband, at Albany, was acquitted on the 25th, of the charge of being a principal in the crime, although we think he was undoubtedly the worst of the two. He was sent back to jail to be tried on two other charges connected with the murder.

An Old Resident of Richmond, Va., after a long litigation in the Courts, succeeded a few days since in recovering \$1,100 from a debtor, which so elated him that on its reception he was seized with apoplexy and died in less than a day.

Two White Men, disguised as negroes, broke into the house of Mr. Steel, Harrison County, Va., last Monday night, for the purpose of robbery, but were driven off by Mrs. Steel, who loaded a rifle and fired upon them bravely. Her husband was absent.

Mr. Bemis, the keeper of the boa constrictor on exhibition in Boston, last week, came near losing his life a few days ago. Mr. Bemis was engaged in giving the serpent one of his customary warm baths preparatory to an exhibition of feeding him, when the venomous animal seized him by the wrist and inserted his deadly fangs. The attendants died in horror, but were soon recalled by the outcries of the struggling man, the reptile having also commenced to coil around him. All other means to disengage him proving unavailing, the snake was pounded upon the head with a hammer until he was forced to release his victim. Mr. Bemis was severely bitten, but by the immediate medical attention given him it is hoped no fatal consequences will ensue.

The Young Men's Association were refused the use of the Hudson Street Methodist Episcopal Church, the trustees not desiring to have Wendell Phillips speak therein.

Skating in Boston is in full operation. The skating park at South End is crowded by ladies and gentlemen day and night, bouffes giving a bright and cheerful appearance to the scene at night.

A Mr. T. J. Jones, who but recently returned from Pike's Peak to his family, during an absence of a few days discovered that his wife had eloped with a man named Sheffer, who was residing in Jones's house during his absence at Pike's Peak. It is supposed that his return had disturbed certain pleasant arrangements. The fugitives took the husband's money, moveables and two children, leaving one child behind.

The Free Negroes recently expelled from Arkansas have published an appeal to the Christian world to protect them. They say Indiana shuts her doors upon them. Illinois denies prairie homes to them. Oregon will not receive them, and Minnesota is debating whether or not she shall receive them. They complain of being forced into a cold climate suddenly from a warm one, and present a sad picture of the distress that they suffer. If their injudicious friends in the Free States had let them alone, it is quite likely that they would have been still enjoying their freedom unmolested in the South.

Skating is becoming quite as much the fashion in Albany as it is in Boston, Philadelphia and New York. The results of this glorious exercise seem satisfactory to all. The ladies feel first-rate, and the gentlemen declare that the fair creatures never looked so charming and spiritual as while flushed with the glorious sport on the ice.

A Man called at a grocery store and asked for one of the clerks. On being told that the party had left for California he expressed much regret, as he had called to pay him a little bill. He said the debt was twenty dollars, and on being told that the storekeeper could forward the amount handed him a fifty dollar bill, received thirty dollars in exchange, and left. The fifty dollar bill, of course, was bogus.

Theodore Rougeot recently died in Bangor, Maine, after a life of singular suffering. When thirteen years of age he was taken with inflammatory rheumatism, and was almost helpless for two years; he then recovered, but in two years thereafter he was attacked again, and continued entirely helpless and confined to his bed for eighteen years! There was but one joint (that of one thumb) that he could move. He was obliged to be bolstered up in bed in one position, partly in a sitting posture, for the eighteen years; he could talk and read well, but could not otherwise stir or move; his food was made very fine and sucked up or mumbled over in his mouth, as his jaws were immovable; he was nothing but skin and bone, yet his appetite and general health were good. His mind was clear, his memory good, and he was a person of considerable intelligence and quite a reader. He lived with his parents a couple of miles from Bangor, and was kindly cared for by a patient and attentive mother and other relatives during his long and tedious illness.

The Owners of the Pemberton Mills have made claim upon the insurance companies for the entire amount of the insurance, nearly \$420,000. They have retained the ablest counsel.

A Young Man named Baldwin, a school teacher in Ohio, has been arrested for beating a young lady of eighteen, who was one of the pupils in the public school. It appears that, wishing to go home for an hour or so, she requested his permission as a matter of form, which he refused to grant without she explained the reason. She therefore went without, and on her return this unapproachable miscreant took a heavy stick and beat her severely. Her friends have had him arrested, and he is held to bail to take his trial for the assault. Among all the hogs of Ohio we question if the porcine tribe can produce so vile a brute. Apropos, we apologise to the pigs for the degrading comparison.

A Dreadful Attempt to commit murder was made one day last week in Greenfield, Mass. A man named Merriman awoke his wife by his drawing something across her throat. She sprang from bed and rushed to another room, when she found she was bleeding from two wounds in her throat. She immediately roused some neighbors, who returned with her to her husband's room, when they discovered to their horror his dead body, frightfully gashed across his throat, lying on his bed. He had been subject to fits of insanity, and this no doubt was the result of the same disease.

Judge Russell, though very severe upon offenders, is very accessible to those who have evidence in favor of the apparently guilty. He has lately been the means of releasing from prison a young man who was wrongfully convicted in Boston last August. It appears that Mr. Evans went to England last year to bring over his mother. On their arrival in Boston he was accused of robbing a passenger, and was convicted on the mate's evidence. From a revelation made by the cook of the vessel, there was no question that the mate had committed the robbery himself. An investigation convinced Judge Russell that this was the case, when he immediately wrote to Governor Banks, and procured for the innocent man a full pardon.

Terrible Mortality in New York.—The deaths in London for the week preceding the sailing of the *Fulton* were 1,281; while in New York, with a population less by three-fourths, during the corresponding week the deaths amounted to 516.

A Young Man named James Henry, of Lima, was murdered by Ross Sprague, junior, while out together hunting. The crime was fixed upon Sprague by the fact that, besides having been seen in his company, near the body of the murdered man marks of an iron-headed boot similar to that which Sprague wore were found in the snow. Sprague was held to answer.

The Boys of the Newsboys' Lodging House in New York sent \$4 16 to the Mount Vernon Fund.

A Jamaica correspondent denies that Ex-Emperor Souleouque is rich. The ex-Emperor is obliged to wash his shirts with her own royal hands.

It is reported that a slave man, belonging to Senator Hunter, of Virginia, has been kidnapped and taken North by a lady belonging to a distinguished Northern family.

In Olmstead, Ohio, a child of three or four years was strangled by his cloak catching on the limb of an apple tree, into which his father had lifted him to look at the operation of killing and dressing hogs. Among the number truly engaged no one noticed his suspension until too late.

A Conductor on a Cincinnati city railroad was fined \$10 and costs for ejecting a colored woman. The company intend to appeal to a higher court and to institute proceedings to recover damages.

Some "enterprising fisherman" of Harrisburg, Pa., has caught a fish, which the *Telegraph* describes as follows: "The fish is as flat as a buckwheat cake, has a tail like a rat, a mouth like the entrance to the jail, two fins on the top of its tail, and a combination of cross-cut saws running the entire length of its back."

The Committee appointed to select a plan for the monument to be erected in Independence Square, by the joint act of the thirteen States which first formed the Confederacy, will meet early in February. The monument is to be built in the most substantial manner, and is to have thirteen sides, on which to cut the coat of arms of the "original thirteen," and such other devices as may be agreed upon.

Two New Bridges are to be built across the Susquehanna—one at Sanbury, Northumberland county, and the other at safe Harbor, Lancaster county, Pennsylvania.

On Tuesday, 31st ult., an unknown man was run over and killed on the Hudson River Railroad by the down express train, between Milton Ferry and Poughkeepsie.

The Hudson River is again closed up, the thermometer at five a.m. on the 3d inst. was from eight to twelve degrees below zero. Nearly all the ferryboats have stopped running.

The Challenge put forth by Robert Chambers, the champion boat-rower of England, has been accepted by the Newburg Association, and the Empire City Regatta Club have voted to act in co-operation. The match will come off in June, in Newark Bay, for \$2,500 aside, single sculls.

Patrick W. Hand was arrested in New York on Thursday morning 2d inst., on suspicion of having set fire to the cabin of the steamboat *New World*.

The Hudson River Railroad has reduced its freight on milk from four to two cents per gallon. The Harlem must follow suit. This reduction should cheapen milk, and bring in thousands of gallons per day into the city.

WM. PENNINGTON,
The Speaker of the House
of Representatives.

WILLIAM PENNINGTON, commonly called Governor Pennington, was born in New Jersey about 1797, and has resided there all his life, one of the most popular and honored men in the State. After receiving an excellent education, he was put to the profession of the law, and became noted for his integrity and candor. He followed his profession for many years, taking little part in politics, although maintaining, with great steadiness, the conservative principles of Webster and Clay. Indeed, there is nothing of the demagogue or partisan in William Pennington. At that time New Jersey was under the Old Constitution, which gave to the Legislature the power of electing the Governor, and in 1837 it conferred upon him that dignity, which he retained for seven years, being annually re-elected. It was in this post that he achieved a national reputation, during the controversy which arose in 1839 upon the admission of the New Jersey Members in the Twenty-sixth Congress.

It will be remembered that the first session commenced on the 2d December, but in consequence of the Clerk refusing to call the names of the five New Jersey members, whose seats were contested, the House remained unorganized until the 16th, when Robert T. Hunter was elected Speaker, after a desperate struggle and numerous ballots. On the 17th, when all the members had been sworn in, with the exception of those of New Jersey, there occurred a scene worthy the pencil of our greatest artist. Governor Pennington advanced with the five members, who exhibited their certificates of election, signed by him as Governor, and to which was attached the broad seal of New Jersey. At this moment Governor Pennington demanded their admission as the lawful Representatives. This led to an animated debate, which lasted till the 21st, when they were sworn in, and the House completed its organization. A Clerk was then elected, and President Van Buren sent in his annual Message. In 1844 Governor Pennington resigned the gubernatorial chair, amid the applause of all parties, and returned to the pursuit of the law.

In 1849, President Taylor appointed him Governor of Minnesota, an appointment which the Senate confirmed, but it was firmly and respectfully declined by the subject of our memoir. In 1851 President Fillmore made him one of the Judges to settle the claims of the Mexican Treaty, which, like the other appointment, he also declined. In 1859 he was persuaded to run for the Fifth Congressional District of New Jersey, which is composed of the counties of Essex, Hudson and Union, and although opposed by Jacob R. Wortendyke, one of the most respected, able and popular of the Democrats, he was elected by the large majority of one thousand six hundred votes in a constituency of twenty-two thousand. There can be no question that the House could not have selected a member better qualified to sustain the dignity of its chief officer than Governor Pennington, of New Jersey.

HON. MR. SMITH,
Member of the House for
North Carolina.

MR. SMITH, who was suddenly adopted by the Democratic party as their candidate for Speaker, and as suddenly dropped, after he had actually been elected, represents one of the most liberal portions of North Carolina, and is universally respected for his courtesy and attainments. It does not seem, however, to have been the serious intention of his party to elect him, as Mr. McClelland rescinded his vote immediately he found that it had been the means of giving him a majority, and the significant fact of his being put forward himself as candidate strengthens our supposition. Our portrait is an excellent likeness, and cannot fail to be interesting to the public.

BURNING OF THE CLIPPER SHIP JOHN J. BOYD.

THE burning of a ship at sea is justly considered one of the most thrilling and dreadful scenes that can be presented to the human eye, more especially when it occurs at night. The startling contrast between the two great op-



THE HON. WILLIAM PENNINGTON, OF NEW JERSEY, SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.



THE HON. MR. SMITH, MEMBER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES FOR NORTH CAROLINA, AND DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR SPEAKER.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY, WASHINGTON.

posing elements presents itself in all its grandeur, and almost gives a human element to the strife.

We have lately had, within half a mile of Broadway, the unusual spectacle of the burning of a ship at her pier, just as she was ready to start on her voyage. About half-past five on Saturday morning, the 28th January, a fire broke out on board the packet clipper ship John J. Boyd, lying at Pier No. 6, North River. Despite the prompt arrival of the fire-engines, every effort was in vain to extinguish the flames till nearly night. The cause of the fire is supposed to have been spontaneous combustion. At one time it was feared that the Dreadnought, Captain Samuels, would have been a victim to its unfortunate contiguity to the blazing ship, but a tug was sent to her assistance, and she was happily towed out of danger. Ford's steam lighter was very soon at the side of the burning ship, and poured a heavy stream of water into her for hours with a power and precision which deserves the highest credit. Nor must we omit complimenting Captain Merritt, the underwriter's agent, for his exertions in putting a pump on board the John J. Boyd.

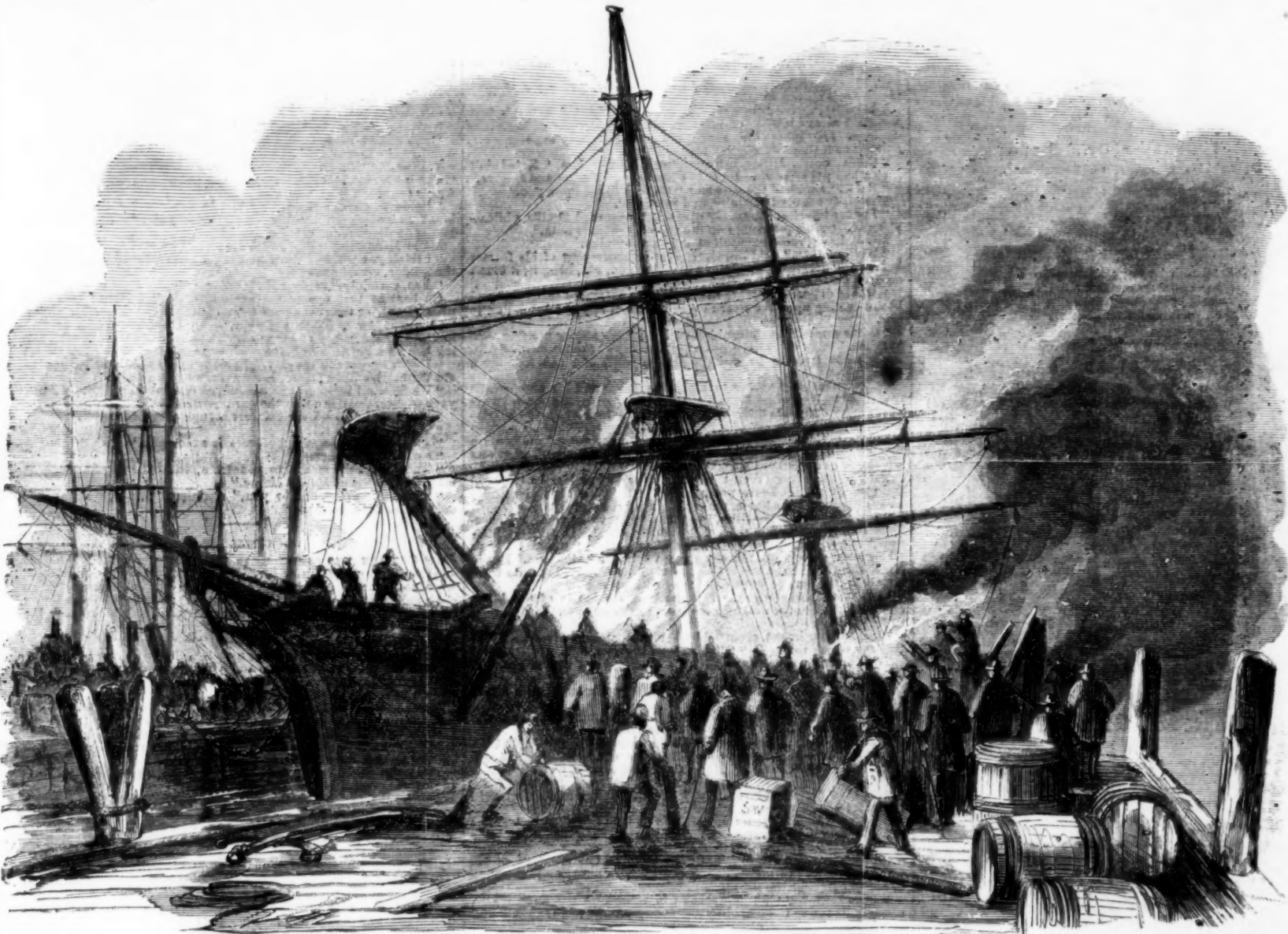
The ship was an A. 1 vessel, owned by Mr. Tyson, of South street, and commanded by Captain Thomas. It was built by Jacob A. Westervelt in 1855, and cost sixty thousand dollars. She was insured in Wall street for about fifty thousand dollars. The cargo consisted of provisions, cotton, rosin, grain, &c., and was worth about one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars.

**PLOT OF STEPHENS
AND SANCHEZ TO ESCAPE
FROM THE
TOMBS.**

JAMES STEPHENS, who was tried for the poisoning of his wife some eighteen months ago, has at length paid the penalty of his crime. Our readers will no doubt recollect that although there were many circumstances connected with her death naturally calculated to throw a shade of suspicion upon him, yet his reputed good character and his apparent piety prevented any inquiry, and it was not till a year after the decease of his wife, who was much older than himself, that the arrival of his wife's nephew from Ireland elicited the suggestive facts that he had been making love to her niece, and had wished her to marry him. This led to an altercation between the young man and Stephens, when the latter gave him in charge for an assault, while Robert Bell, his wife's nephew, entered a counter-charge of murder, bringing forward his two sisters, who had lived with Stephens and his wife, at the time of the latter's death, as witnesses. The body was exhumed, and after an elaborate analysis arsenic was discovered in it. As though to assist the judgment of man, the corpse was found almost in the very same condition as when buried the year previous. He was tried for the murder and found guilty, but through the persistence of his counsel, Mr. Ashmead, he had a new trial granted him, which, however, resulted in a similar verdict. Finding no chance of obtaining either a respite or a commutation of his sentence, he had formed a diabolic plot to escape his impending doom by murdering his keeper on the Monday previous, but owing to the faint-heartedness or treachery of his fellow convict, Sanchez, the diabolical plot was fortunately discovered a few hours before the time assigned for its execution. It would appear that Stephens, finding all hopes of a commutation or reprieve at an end, persuaded some friend to convey to him a couple of revolvers, one of which he managed to convey to Sanchez, who was confined in the next cell to him. This he did by working a hole in the wall between their two cells, and through which he communicated his plans to his accomplice. It was proposed by Stephens that when the keeper brought, on Monday night, his supper he should shoot the unsuspecting official, take his keys, and then release Sanchez. Others say that he proposed that Sanchez should shoot his keeper and release Stephens, but we presume the real facts will never be known, since between the reserve of one and the falsehood of the other, the truth would be difficult to arrive at. That the plot had been some weeks in preparation is evident, since Mr. Sutton received as

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BURNING THE CLIPPER SHIP JOHN J. BOYD, AT HER PIER NO. 6 NORTH RIVER, ON SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 28TH.

anonymous letter a fortnight ago informing him that Stephens was armed with revolvers, and that the greatest precautions ought to be used. Upon receiving this startling communication he proceeded with one of the keepers to the cell in which Stephens was confined, and had him searched. That the search was very carelessly conducted is evident, since it now appears he had the revolver concealed in the leg of his pantaloons. After the search Mr. Sutton told him that he must have him removed to another cell, as it was necessary to whitewash the one in which he was then confined. When he had left it was discovered that he had made a hole through to the adjoining cell of Sanchez, having hidden the rubbish between his mattresses, and concealing the aperture with empty cigar boxes.

Little importance was attached to this discovery, since as it merely

been removed, where they found Stephens engaged in reading. Upon Mr. Sutton informing the prisoner that he wished to search him, the latter strongly objected, exclaiming that he did not wish to be disturbed in his last days, and that the latter had no authority to search him. Force was consequently resorted to, and a revolver, with the six barrels heavily loaded, was found upon him, as well as powder, balls and caps. Some say a large knife was also discovered in his

pocket. He was immediately handcuffed and manacled, and placed under the surveillance of two keepers to watch him night and day. This attempt to escape of course effectually put an end to the efforts of his friends, who were petitioning Governor Morgan for a reprieve. In order to investigate some additional evidence that had been brought to light, and which Stephens's friends thought militated in his favor.



ATTEMPTED ESCAPE OF STEPHENS FROM THE TOMBS—THE HOLE IN THE CELL MADE BY HIM.

led to another cell (which fact was known to Stephens), he could have no serious intention to escape. On Monday morning therefore Mr. Sutton was not a little surprised when Sanchez sent for him and delivered into his hands a revolver, stating at the same time that he had received it through the hole from Stephens, with directions to shoot his keeper and then release him. Stephens wished Sanchez to do this on Sunday evening, and was all ready to avail himself of the opportunity thus presented to escape. When, however, the keeper brought the supper, and Stephens found his fellow convict did not carry out his wishes he bitterly reproached him for his cowardice, and declared that he would shoot the keeper himself the next night. Sanchez thereupon resolved to reveal the diabolical plot to the authorities. Having taken possession of the revolver, Mr. Sutton then proceeded, with three assistants, to the cell to which he had



ATTEMPTED ESCAPE OF STEPHENS, THE WIFE-POISONER, FROM THE TOMBS—THE SHERIFF TAKING THE REVOLVER FROM HIM.

On Friday, at half-past nine, the extreme penalty of the law was carried out on this unfortunate malefactor. His attempts to seduce his niece, and blacken her character, had previously deadened much of that public sympathy which always is bestowed upon the condemned felon, and his plot to sacrifice two innocent men to further his escape had entirely destroyed it. He conducted himself with great firmness, and died with scarcely a struggle. About two hundred persons were present on the occasion. The whole history of his detection, trial and punishment adds another to the truth that murder, though it have no tongue, will speak with most miraculous organ.

FUNERAL FLOWERS.

From the German of Berghaus.

Viele kleine süsse Freuden.

MANY little winning pleasures,
Often through the spirit flow,
As the clouds are tinged with colors
In the morning's ruddy glow.

But though day may gleam in radiance
Night's dark terrors lurk beneath;
And our joys are but the flowerets
Fading in the funeral wreath.

THE STARS.

Verstösse deine Schmerzen.

Why tell the griefs which move thee
To yon bright stars in vain?
Those silent orbs above thee,
Know neither joy nor pain.
The stars which gleam on high
Pass human sorrow by.

Why turn, thy tears revealing
To men who heed them not,
To hearts devoid of feeling,
By whom thou'rt soon forgot?
In thy best friend thou'lt see
Oft thy worst enemy.

If for thyself thou carest,
Hide sorrow in thy heart,
And if a pain thou bearest,
Keep it concealed, apart.
Unto thy heart, in grief
Turn only for relief.

THE MYSTERY;

OR, THE

GIPSY GIRL OF KOTSWOLD.

A ROMANCE BY J. F. SMITH.

Author of "Substance and Shadow," "Smiles and Tears," "Dick Tarleton," "Phases of Life," &c.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE escape of her niece increased, if possible, the hatred Martha felt towards the house-dwellers. She had long looked upon herself as one of a persecuted race, and probably not without some show of reason; for, after all, the right of society to punish those whom it has taken no measures to reform admits of question.

The old woman continued sitting in front of her van, swaying her lean body to and fro with an undulating motion, not unlike that of a snake before it springs. Occasionally she muttered words that sounded like uncouth rhymes to herself in the Romany noo-a-pen. Most probably curses, for they appeared to exercise a soothing influence over her.

Suddenly the movement ceased, and the black, deep-set eyes of the gipsy turned towards the narrow footpath that led into the wood. Her quick sense of hearing had caught the sound of approaching footsteps, and the expression of her countenance became more rigid than before.

"He comes to ask me for his bride," she said. "Well, it's not my fault—it's not my fault!"

The next instant Kaled, followed by Squills, Jinks and a stalwart fellow named Simon Lee, made his appearance. He had had rather a stormy discussion with Keelan, who refused to use his authority, as head of the tribe, to force his granddaughter to become his wife. More the old man had both warned and threatened him.

"Where is Milly?" he demanded, roughly.

His mother remained silent.

"Did you hear me?"

"How are you, Mrs. Hearn?" inquired Squills, seating himself by her side and lighting his pipe. "Glad to see us? So you've trapped the runaway?"

"And brought her back to the tents," stammered Jinks, who, since his adventure in the barn, had found a peculiar difficulty in pronouncing his words, especially those with the letter *r* in them. "Vel, you aw a woman, and no mistake; a vegulaw twump—g ewedit to the ken."

"Keelan," observed Lee, who had long been ambitious of ruling the gang, "refuses to have anything to do with the wedding; he is growing old and childish, so we will just settle it here quietly among ourselves, eh?"

Meanwhile, Kaled had searched the van over, and, pale with disappointment and rage at not finding his victim, now stood before her.

"Where is she?" he demanded, hoarse with passion.

"The house-dwellers have taken her from me," replied the gipsy woman, for the first time breaking silence. "It is not my fault—I did all I could to prevent it."

"Not your fault?" repeated the son, with a bitter oath; "whose then? But I deserve it—deserve it all, for listening, like a fool, to your prating about the law of the tribe when I had her in my power. Had I followed my own will, by this time she would have had no wish to leave me."

"Kaled!" said his mother, laying her hand upon his arm.

"Pah!" exclaimed the young ruffian, striking her, "this comes of your dreams and prating."

It was something terrible to witness the effect which the blow produced on Martha. Her swarthy complexion changed to the pallid hue of a long unburied corpse. The shudder that passed through her frame was the silent protest of indignant nature at the outrage. She had received in her time many a harder blow and laughed at it, braved the anger of brutal men mad with drink and passion without flinching; but now, her energies seemed crushed, and she sank upon the ground without a word. It was not the pain of the blow that affected her, but the hand that gave it.

"You are too quick," observed Simon Lee, who had his own reasons for standing well with the old gipsy woman.

"Just like his father, ain't he, Mistress Hearn—a word and a blow?"

"And the blow *fl-r-s-t*. Got out the *r-r* at last," stammered Jinks.

With the perpetration of his crime, the passion of Kaled had passed. He recollected that his parent was reputed to be rich, and most likely would inherit at least a portion of the hoards of her brother Keelan. He also remembered her past indulgence and liberality to him.

"Come, mother," he said, "think no more about it. I—hang it—I am sorry that I struck you. If my blood is hot and my temper quick, I owe them to you—shake hands."

He tried to grasp the yellow, shrivelled hand of the old gipsy, who shrank from him with a shudder.

"What—you won't, won't you?" he exclaimed. "Well, sulk then, as long as you please!"

"I am a man now, and not goin' to be hector'd over by any woman, though she be my mother. Come, old gal," he added, seizing her roughly by the arm, "give us yer paw. The Hearn's are as good as the Keelan's, you know."

With a strength few would have supposed her capable of, she threw him off; and tearing the old velvet bonnet and cap from her head, stood like an enraged Pythoness—her long iron-grey hair streaming over her shoulders.

"You have struck the being that bore you," she exclaimed, "and your death shall be cruel as the deed. You have outraged the breast that nurtured you. Fierce and evil passions shall prevent your own from ever knowing peace. Sorrow and disappointment attend you. May those you trust deceive—those you love abhor you. The curse, the curse," she added, wildly, "of the Romanny mother rest on you now and hereafter!"

The guilty, awe-stricken wretch, who had violated nature's first and most sacred law, stood appalled at the vehemence of her maledictions. Like most of his race, he was exceedingly superstitious, and felt as if they had already reached him.

"Come, come, Mistress Hearn," said Simon Lee, "Kaled ain't such a bad pal after all. He didn't hurt you. Forget and forgive."

"Back!" shrieked the woman; "there is blood upon you."

The gipsy scowled fearfully, and retreated.

"I never interfere in family quarrels," observed Squills, philosophically. "No good comes of it—you only offend both."

Mr. Jinks expressed himself of the same opinion.

"Well, mother," said Kaled, recovering something of his former bravado, "perhaps I was wrong to strike you, but, hang it, it didn't deserve a curse like that."

Without deigning to reply to him, Martha retreated to her van and began casting upon the sward every article of apparel belonging to him.

"Come away!" exclaimed Simon Lee; "it's no use arguing with her now. Milly can't have got very far—let's search the wood. I know what it is to be disappointed myself, and can feel for a."

The proposal was agreed to, and the speaker and his companions set forth, searching the lanes and thickets in every direction to recover Milly and her child. Love—we regret to pollute the word—was not the only motive of Kaled, since—indeed, independent of his passion for the gipsy girl—he had an eye to her inheritance. Many were the surmises respecting the contents of the iron-bound chest on which her grandfather constantly slept.

They had not long taken their departure before Martha emerged from the caravan. There was a doggedness in her air and manner as she harnessed the horse, that spoke a mind resolved.

"I will abandon my tribe," she muttered to herself. "Henceforth I will live alone in the world and die alone. It matters little now," she added, after a few moments' reflection, "where I die or who closes the eyes of the old gipsy vagrant—that's past. I have done with the Hearn's and the Keelan's. Fortunately, I can do without them; better, perhaps, than they without me."

With this consolatory reflection she took the bridle of the horse and led him from the dell into the lane, terminating on the high road to Kotswood.

Milly and her infant, escorted by her protectors, arrived safely at the tree where the collation had so long been waiting.

Their arrival was welcomed by the hungry boys with a shout of delight.

"Why, who in the name of fortune have you brought with you?" demanded Jodrel.

"Phil has found a baby," observed Howard, amused at the careful manner in which Philip Blandford carried the little innocent.

With the frankness of their age, the lads all declared that the young mother and her child were heartily welcome. Their appetites being appeased, they asked Oliver for a history of his adventures.

"No time for adventures, now," exclaimed Peter Marl, "it will be sunset before we reach home."

"No, no," shouted several, "we can do it in three hours."

"You forget the woman," observed the old soldier, "and the child—must not leave them behind."

On finding they were to accompany them to Carwell Hall, it became a point of contention amongst the boys which should have the honor of carrying the infant.

Whilst they were busily engaged in repacking the hamper, the chaise containing Colonel Grey and his friends drove up. The major recognised his pupils, and ordered the postboys to stop.

He was welcomed with hearty congratulations on his return, whilst Oliver Brandreth and Phil found themselves shaking hands with John Compton.

"Bless me!" exclaimed the latter, eyeing his ward, "how the boy has grown. Received your letter, Oliver. Your friend Randal is all right."

"Did you assist him to go to sea?" inquired the youth.

"No; made inquiries—found his story true. Clever lad—put him in my own counting-house."

"Thank you!" exclaimed our hero, greatly gratified; "that is better, sir, than a dozen gold watches."

"Phil," said his guardian, "what was that I saw you place so carefully on the grass as I drove up?"

"A baby, sir."

"A what?"

"A baby!" cried all the boys with a shout of delight, "and there is the mother of it!"

Peter Marl and Oliver related to the gentleman their adventure in the dell with Martha; and Major Henderson was requested by his pupils to allow them to subscribe among themselves to furnish Milly with the means of proceeding with her child to London.

"Nonsense," said John Compton, "nothing of the kind. Keep your pocket money; if her story is true, which I see no reason at present to doubt, Colonel Grey and I will escort her back to her husband. But gipsies and adventures in woods are not much in my way," he added. "So, with your permission, major, we will proceed to Carwell Hall and take this young person with us."

Major Henderson, who had been struck not only by the beauty but modest grace of Milly, at once acceded to the arrangement and vacated his own seat in the chaise, declaring that he preferred walking home with the boys.

It was a fortunate thing that he did so, for, on their return, they encountered the four gipsies, who, had Milly been amongst them, in all probability would have attempted, by violence, to obtain possession both of her and her child.

As it was, the ruffians eyed them suspiciously.

On their arrival at the hall, they found not only John Compton and the colonel, but even the phlegmatic lawyer, deeply interested in Milly Moyné, who had told her tale with that simple artlessness which is more convincing than eloquence, because it is inseparable from truth.

"She says that Harly married her," observed the former. "It was not a business-like transaction. But there, a man can't be always thinking of money. I believe her."

"And I," added the colonel.

Mr. Marling gave a slight cough, which signified his dissent. According to the victim's account, the ceremony had been a private one; and he was sufficiently a man of the world to know, in most instances, what that meant.

At any rate, Milly was consigned to the care of the housekeeper for the night; and John Compton emphatically declared that he would not lose sight of her till he had restored her to her husband.

Little did the worthy man foresee the result of his promise.

In honor of his guardian's visit, Phil and his friend were both invited to dine with the major; then it was our hero heard, for the first time, of their visit to Melina House.

"Thank heaven," he exclaimed, "Lady Fairclough is released at last."

"My mother!" exclaimed Phil, from whom the circumstance had been kept a secret—"my dear mother the inmate of a madhouse!"

Oliver hastened to explain to him that it was the dowager Lady Fairclough; and, what was stranger still, the same female who had taken shelter with them in the barn.

"Can my step-father know this?" exclaimed the indignant youth.

"It would not be the first or only cruelty he has committed," observed his guardian; "but, in the present instance, I believe we have suspected him unjustly. The lady is evidently mad—her mind gone. Neither her uncle nor our friend the lawyer here could obtain a word from her."

"Are you speaking of her ladyship?" demanded Oliver Brandreth, greatly surprised.

"Yes, my dear boy; of course I am."

"Then you must have been deceived—wickedly deceived," exclaimed our hero, warmly; "for only a few minutes before you arrived—I saw your chaise at the lodge—I obtained an interview with her in the grounds, and never did any one converse more rationally. She recognised me instantly, and promised me not to yield to excitement, but be calm and collected in your presence."

The gentlemen exchanged looks of doubt and astonishment.

"Some person who is really mad must have been introduced to you in her place," added the speaker.

"That is impossible," observed Major Henderson. "You forget her uncle, Colonel Grey, was present."

"And did she not recognise him?"

"Not him, nor any of us," replied his tutor, musingly. "Let us recall the circumstance calmly and deliberately. We arrived at Melina House unexpectedly. To prevent the possibility of any information of our intention being conveyed to its proprietor, we avoided Kotswood. Dr. Sellen did not quit us for an instant, but sent for his patient."

"By whom?"

"A keeper whom he called Howlet."

"The wretch who pursued her in the grounds," said Oliver, "and dragged her to the house. Whom Sir Aubrey employed to trace her when she fled from her home. The same fellow, sir," he continued, "who mounted the ladder to Phil's window, and whom we afterwards caught in the man-trap!"

"Evidence enough to identify him in any court of justice in the kingdom," observed the lawyer. "Have you any other reasons, young gentleman, for recollecting him?"

Major Henderson smiled, whilst his pupil colored to the temples.

"I think you will find those he has enumerated sufficient," replied the former, good-humoredly.

"Yes, certainly," replied Mr. Marling.

On hearing that one of the keepers of Melina House had been prowling about the grounds of Carwell Hall, and had even mounted to the window of Phil's chamber, John Compton began to feel anxious for the safety of his ward. The chain of evidence connecting him with Sir Aubrey Fairclough was too direct to be overlooked.

"I wish we were in the city," he sighed; "I should know how to act there. We have police, detectives, magistrates."

"We have all these in the country," observed his host. "State your wishes, I will see that they are carried out."

"In the first place, I want a warrant against this Howlet."

"You shall have it."

"A couple of determined officers to execute it."

"I will procure them."

"And, lastly, the means to penetrate, without being announced, into the grounds of Melina House."

"That I can point out to you," exclaimed Oliver, "if you will only follow my directions."

CHAPTER XIX.

JOHN COMPTON was one of those men who carry their business habits into every action of life. His charities, like his pleasures, were performed methodically, and after a certain fashion. If he did good, he could only do it in his own way; and it is no slander on his benevolence to assert that he felt nearly as much pleasure in the process as in the result.

In the scheme he had planned for testing the sanity of Lady Fairclough and the honesty of her physician, the great city broker calculated the chances of success and defeat, provided for this or that contingency, as carefully as he would have done in an operation upon 'Change or on the markets.

It was his way, and John Compton could not go out of it.

His first step was to request Colonel Grey to write a letter to the proprietor of Melina House, dated London, requesting that gentleman to forward to him, as his patient's nearest relative, a monthly statement of her health.

This letter he sent to Barnes, his managing clerk, with instructions to post it immediately.

Neither the major nor the writer saw the utility of this proceeding.

"I dare say not," replied the man of business, complacently; "but I do. It will throw Dr. Sellen off his guard, and, believing that the colonel has returned to town, he will permit her ladyship to wander freely about the gardens as usual."

The next thing was to obtain a warrant for the apprehension of John Howlet, the keeper, and a couple of intelligent officers to execute it. The first his host procured from the nearest magistrate, on the oaths of Oliver Brandreth and the boys, who had caught him in the man-trap; the officers John Compton sent for from London.

Everything being arranged, the party started on the fourth day after their arrival at Kotswood upon their expedition.

Our hero accompanied them.

A few hours after the departure of her friends from Melina House, Lady Fairclough had returned not only to a state of consciousness, but misery. She retained a perfect recollection of her interview with Oliver, and a confused one of having been sent for to the house. What followed was a blank. It was in vain that she entreated to be informed whether her relative had not arrived to visit her. Her keepers maintained a sullen silence.

"Hallucination, my dear lady, hallucination," replied the doctor, to whom she put the same question: "a form which your peculiar malady frequently takes—imaginary conversations—the diagnosis of your disease."

"Wretch!" interrupted her ladyship, in a tone of contempt so cold and bitter that it brought a momentary blush of shame to the bronzed cheek of her persecutor; "be content with torturing, do not insult me."

"You are becoming excited," observed the little man, spitefully; "I fear I must have recourse to the bath."

Lady Fairclough trembled and was silent.

The shower-bath, prolonged for a cruel length of time, is one of the various modes of punishment by which the unhappy inmates of certain asylums, who are either mad enough to be troublesome, or not sufficiently mad to answer the purposes of their keepers, are systematically tortured into obedience. Instances have been known of patients—we could designate them by another name—expiring under this cruel treatment, which was invented first by the Inquisition; and, what is more monstrous still, of a British jury acquitting the perpetrators.

If science sometimes unveils crime, she as frequently casts one over it.

"Yes, yes," added the professional ruffian, enjoying her terror; "the *douche* for twenty minutes will be of service."

Lady Fairclough uttered a faint shriek.

"Or half an hour, perhaps."

"Spare me!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands in supplication—"spare me!"

"There!" said the doctor; "you are decidedly becoming more and more excited. Look at your hands."

The helpless victim unclasped them, and dropped them submissively by her side.

"Umph!" muttered her tormentor; "well, that is better."

"I will be calm—patient as misery," said her ladyship, "if you will spare me."

"No."

"Only this once!"

"No," uttered Dr. Sellen, in the same cold, sneering tone.

"Monster!" exclaimed the persecuted woman, indignantly; "I will not submit to this atrocious outrage. You shall kill me first!"

The proprietor of Melina House rang the bell, and directed the servant who answered it to send Mrs. Hewson and two of the female keepers to him.

"You have brought it on yourself," he observed, as the domestic disappeared.

Lady Fairclough darted through the open window, and ran with the speed of terror into the grounds. Her persecutor witnessed her departure almost with indifference. The walls which surrounded the establishment were high, and the lodge securely guarded.

Calling to Howlet, he directed him to follow and bring her back. The keeper started instantly in pursuit.

"I must break that woman's spirit," muttered his master. "It is astonishing how long she holds out. Sir Aubrey really ought to be more liberal, considering the risk I run and the trouble she gives me. Should she ever escape, it would be a serious injury—perhaps the ruin of my establishment! I must guard against that at any cost."

Crime, probably, would have been a better word.

The trembling fugitive reached the more thickly-wooded part of the grounds before her pursuer could catch sight of her. Like the stricken deer, she sought the shelter of the deepest covert, and sank exhausted and breathless on the ground.

The loneliness—the horror of her position—the utter abandonment in which she found herself, struck painfully upon her heart.

One by one the ties that bound her to life had been rudely torn asunder. First, the husband of her youth, whose memory was enshrined in her pure heart, embalmed in affection's tears; then her child; and lastly her liberty!

In that sad moment Lady Fairclough felt the bitter anguish of

being alone in the world—no friend to counsel, no relation to protect her.

Alone! 'Tis a sad word, the seal of many a bright existence. Alone! it reads like the epitaph upon the grave of hope, falls upon the heart and brain like that stone upon the sepulchre—which angel hands shall never draw aside.

Memory, like a tomb-searcher, raised the pall which Time had cast over the brief joys of earlier years, and murmuring again the word alone! the mourner wept bitterly.

A footstep aroused her from her dream of sorrow. She listened breathlessly. It was not the heavy tread of the ruffian keeper, but the light, elastic step of youth. Cautiously drawing aside the boughs, her ladyship looked into the walk, and recognised her former protector, Oliver Brandreth, followed by several gentlemen at a distance.

With a cry of joy the long-persecuted victim sprang from her retreat, and throwing herself upon the neck of Colonel Grey, entreated him, in piteous accents, to protect and save her.

"Protect you!" repeated the gallant soldier, warmly, "I should like to see the man that would attempt to take you from me. Annie, dear Annie! you know your old uncle? The cloud has passed from your troubled brain, and all is clear again."

"You, too, believe I have been mad," said her ladyship, yielding to her tears. "I have endured enough to make me so—outrage, insult, cruelty, my child torn from me—but reason, thank Heaven, has never yet deserted me."

"I thought so," exclaimed John Compton, highly delighted at the success of his project. "I knew there was some rascally contrivance to deceive us, and trick our judgment."

"Why did you not speak to me at my last visit, Annie?" demanded the colonel, tenderly.

"It was not a dream, then?" sighed her ladyship; "and I really did behold my kind, good uncle. I have been threatened with violence by the wretch who detains me here a prisoner for asserting it. But I felt certain you would come to see me, for he, my guardian angel," she added, pointing to her hero, "told me that you would come."

The gentlemen exchanged glances of satisfaction at the clear and collected manner in which this statement was made by the supposed maniac.

"Have you no recollection of the interview?" inquired Major Henderson, kindly.

"No."

"Think again."

"I remember," said her ladyship, "being sent for to the library by Dr. Sellen. My heart beat high with hope and expectation, but I repressed its emotion, and struggled to appear calm, as my protector had advised me. On entering the house," she continued, slowly, as if endeavoring to recollect, rather than comprehend what had taken place, "I saw the keeper, Howlet, but remember nothing further distinctly till I found myself in my room, or rather my prison."

"Had you taken anything?" demanded John Compton.

"No."

"Felt no unusual sensation?"

"A violent pain in my neck and head. My neck is still discolored," she added, "as if from a blow."

"The brute!" muttered the city broker.

"You will take me from this place?" said the persecuted victim, imploringly. "Reason cannot much longer withstand the indignities and cruelties I have been subjected to. Even now I am threatened by Dr. Sellen with the punishment of the *douche* for half an hour, for refusing to acknowledge that I am insane."

"The monster!" ejaculated Colonel Grey. John Compton made no comment, but energetically grasped his cane.

"There!" exclaimed Lady Fairclough, as Howlet, the keeper, made his appearance in the path. "There he comes to drag me to the place of torture! Save me! in mercy, save me!"

"That is the ruffian!" whispered Oliver Brandreth to the guardian of Phil, who instantly made a sign to the officers.

On beholding the object of his search surrounded by her friends, the keeper stood for an instant irresolute how to act. He had also recognised our hero, and—for the first time in his life, perhaps—his self-confidence abandoned him; but only for a moment, for a few instants' reflection convinced him that the best thing he could do would be to brazen it out.

"What are you doing here, gentlemen?" he demanded, in a tone of mingled insolence and authority. "And how did you obtain admission?"

"As you did to the grounds of Carwell Hall," replied Oliver Brandreth, "by climbing over the wall, but our intentions are honest, whilst yours were those of a thief or a murderer."

"I don't know what you mean by Carwell Hall," said the ruffian, doggedly. "I never was inside the gates in my life, and defy you to prove it. As for you, gentlemen," he added, "you must accompany me to the house. Dr. Sellen will talk to you, whilst I take charge of the patient."

He advanced towards Lady Fairclough, who clung tremblingly to the arm of the colonel, with the intention of leading her away, when the cane of John Compton, which its owner for the last few minutes had been nervously twitching, descended upon his head and caused a remarkable confusion of ideas in the brain of Mr. Howlet.

When he recovered, he found, to his astonishment, that his wrists were handcuffed, and the two quiet-looking men, who hitherto had stood at a respectful distance, and taking no part in the conversation, guarding him, one on either side.

"What is the meaning of this?" he exclaimed, pale with rage.

"Warrant against you," replied one of the officers.

"Against me? Upon what charge?"

"Having been found on the grounds of Carwell Hall, with felonious intent; and for assault."

John Howlet cast a vindictive look towards our hero.

The party were retreating with the rescued victim and their prisoner towards the lodge, when they encountered the proprietor of Melina House. The artful hypocrite saw at once that he had been outwitted; that his victim had escaped, and trembled at the consequences. Had his keeper been free, he would have opposed their egress, but deprived of his strong arm and brutal courage, he could only remonstrate against it.

"I should have thought, gentlemen," he observed, "that after the courtesy with which I received your first visit—which, to a person of my reputation, was in itself sufficiently offensive—and the candor with which I gave you my opinion on the state of my unfortunate patient, further insult and doubt would have been spared me."

"Few men like being found out in their malpractices," replied John Compton.

"True," said the doctor, nothing abashed by this not very gentle hint. "A non-professional persons must be, you are deceived by the state in which you have found Lady Fairclough. If you recollect, I told you that at times she appeared perfectly rational to those unacquainted with her peculiar hallucinations."

"Is it an hallucination," demanded Major Henderson, "that she has been confined here against her will? Was our visit an hallucination? or the unmanly punishment with which you threatened her for refusing to acknowledge it one?"

For an instant her persecutor appeared silenced.

"Your power over her," continued the speaker, "fortunately, is at an end. Her relative and natural protector will at once remove her from this den of infamy."

"I oppose her departure!" exclaimed the proprietor of Melina House, suddenly recovering his effrontery and coolness. "Lady Fairclough shall not quit my establishment without an order from the Chancellor. If removed from my care by violence, I shall know how to vindicate my character and punish the temerity of the offenders."

"Do not leave me with him," murmured her ladyship, her terrors at the sight of the hypocrite returning; "he would murder me."

"No doubt of it," said Mr. Compton.

"That is actionable!" exclaimed the doctor, turning very red in the face.

"Bring your action," replied the broker, contemptuously, "and let a jury decide what your character is worth. I'll cheerfully pay the damage. Don't think to frighten me," he added, "with your threats and big words; I neither fear you nor the still greater rascal who employed you. Actionable!" he repeated, with a chuckle, "I should like to see you in the witness-box with my old friend Silver-tongue or Serjeant File cross-examining you. Do try it," he added; "John Compton, of Mark-lane, is worth the shot."

Possibly the gentleman did not particularly wish to find himself in the position alluded to. At all events, he said nothing more about legal proceedings, but asked, in a somewhat humbler tone, why his servant was a prisoner.

"Upon a charge of being found in the grounds of Carwell Hall with felonious intent, and an assault," replied the senior officer.

"I will be his bail!" exclaimed his employer, eagerly.

"Can't take it—must go first before the magistrates."

Dr. Sellen had various reasons for not wishing Howlet to be removed from his sight. In the first place, he knew that the fellow, like most bullies, possessed no moral courage. In the second, he might be tampered with; a very small sum had bribed him to various acts of cruelty on the patients, and he felt as-ured that a larger one might purchase him body and soul, especially if coupled with a prospect of escape from the present charge against him.

"You shall have the best assistance, John," he said. "I will send to Lynn for my own lawyer to defend you, and will speak to your character myself. You have nothing to fear," he added, with marked emphasis upon the words. "I feel certain that you have done nothing wrong, and will see you through it."

The officers now called to the female at the lodge to open the gates, which her master loudly forbade her doing.

"The keeper has a key," whispered Lady Fairclough.

There was a terrible menace in the look the proprietor of Melina House gave her. It warned her what she might expect if ever she fell into his hands again.

Acting upon the information, the officers searched the person of their prisoner, and quickly opened the gates.

"At your peril!" exclaimed the baffled hypocrite.

"All right, sir," coolly answered the men; "we have Mr. Compton's guarantee for our proceedings—quite sufficient for us. We will lock them again carefully."

This they did after the rescued victim and her liberators had passed, leaving the baffled agent of Sir Aubrey Fairclough to chew the cud of reflection, which, apart from the prospect of ulterior consequences, was not of the most pleasurable kind to one who made gain his religion.

The loss of his patient cost Dr. Sellen eight hundred a year.

By one of those beautiful fictions of law few persons can understand, but which many conspire to uphold, under the idea that it possibly may have its uses, the Lord Chancellor is supposed to be the guardian of all lunatics within the kingdom of Great Britain. Were he really their guardian, nothing could be better; but unfortunately this trust—the most sacred ever confided to any single person—is delegated to so many mere boarding-house keepers, who regard their establishments as a speculation, and trade upon the misery of their inmates.

As a matter of course, this censure does not apply to all. There may be, and doubtless are, exceptions—men who regard their duty as a ministry, and conscientiously perform it. Still it is a little remarkable how few patients who pay well ever recover in a private madhouse.

Melina House is not the only asylum in which rabbiting is known and practised.

On the arrival of the major and his guests at Carwell Hall, Oliver found a letter from his aunt inclosing one from his father.

"Nothing unpleasant, my dear boy, I trust?" observed his tutor, who noticed that his countenance flushed as he perused it.

"On the contrary, it contains intelligence that but for one circumstance would afford me the greatest pleasure—it will separate me from you."

Captain Brandreth had written for his son to join the Agamemnon at Malta. He was to start in two days for London.

Major Henderson and John Compton, after a long conversation, came to the conclusion that it would be advisable to remove Phil from his present abode.

Evidently Sir Aubrey Fairclough had not abandoned his designs upon his stepson.

Poor Phil's regret at the approaching separation from his friend was somewhat lessened by the prospect of passing a few days with him in London, perhaps also with the secret hope of beholding his mother—that mother to whom his young heart turned with all its earliest fondness.

The day after their return to the hall they attended the examination of Howlet before the magistrates. Although closely pressed as to the motives of his nocturnal visit to the grounds, the keeper persisted in declaring his innocence, that it was a case of mistaken identity; and so firm was he in his declaration, that nothing but the oaths of Oliver and his companions, who had released him from the trap, induced the bench to convict him.

There was no getting over their evidence. He was convicted both of the assault and trespass, and sentenced to a month's imprisonment with hard labor.

Dr. Sellen urged the magistrates to inflict a fine, but the proposal was not listened to. Rumors of the proceedings at Melina House, and his previous reputation, prevented its being listened to probably to the gentleman's secret satisfaction, for if there was one thing more than another he had an objection to part with, it was his money.

As the jailer led him from the justice-room, Howlet cast a scowl of hate upon our hero.

"We shall meet again, young gentleman," he observed.

"I trust so," replied Oliver; "imprisonment and hard labor are all very well, but I don't consider my debt half paid yet."

The promise was kept; they did meet in after life again. We must not anticipate events, but let their course roll on.

It was a sad day at the Hall when the two youths took their departure; Peter Marl lingered round the chaise, arranging the luggage and casting wistful looks at the window of the study where his young favorite was bidding adieu to his companions. Oliver appeared at last, and a tear glistened in the old man's eye as he shook him affectionately by the hand.

"Good-bye, Mr. Brandreth," he said; "you won't forget me? I am a fool to ask the question; you would not forget a dog that you had once been kind to."

"Much less," replied our hero, "a friend who has been so kind to me."

"I am certain of it," observed Peter. "There are the barkers," he added, pointing to a small mahogany case containing the famous pistols. "I never thought to have parted with them whilst I lived; but somehow I don't seem to care about them now, so you will keep them for my sake."

Oliver found it impossible to refuse a gift so offered.

"I must send you my keepsake from London," he said, for he knew that it would not do to offer the old soldier money—his friendship, if not his pride, would have been taken alarm.

"You are going abroad, Mr. Brandreth," he observed. "Mind the mounscers. Never trust the foreigners; Frenchmen or Spaniards—they are all alike."

Peter's experience went no further.

There was a waving of hands from the pupils and a faint cheer as the carriages drove off. The first contained Colonel Grey and Lady Fairclough; the second, our hero, Phil, John Compton, Milly and her child, whom the broker had promised to carry safely to Richmond.

Peter Marl had never been known to smoke so many pipes as on the day of Oliver's departure from Carwell Hall.

(To be continued.)

A SCOTCH PHENOMENON.—An itinerant lecturer, holding forth in a remote Scotch village, happened to make use of the word "phenomenon." Fancying however that the education of his hearers was not likely to have been such as to make them equal to hard words, he proceeded to enlighten their understandings in the following style: "But maybe, ma freen's, ye dinna ken what a phenomenon may be. Weel, then, a'll tell ye. Ye've a seen a coo (cow), nae doot. Weel, a coo's nae a phenomenon. Ye've a seen an apple tree. Weel, an apple tree's nae a phenomenon, neither. But gin ye see the coo ganging up the apple tree, tall faimost, to pu' apples, that wad be a phenomenon."

JO COSE, on being asked what he should do if he were banished to the woods, replied that he thought he should split.

It has been beautifully remarked that a woman's heart is the only true plate for man's likeness. An instant gives the impression, and an age of sorrow and change cannot efface it. Snorri says, however, that it don't always give an accurate likeness. He derives his idea from the description given of him by Miss Scan-Mag at a late tea fight.

A PERSON who was recently called into court for the purpose of proving the correctness of a doctor's bill, was asked by the lawyer whether "the doctor did not make several visits after the patient was out of danger?" "No," replied the witness, "I considered the patient in danger as long as the doctor continued his visits."

OUR BILLIARD COLUMN.

Edited by Michael Phelan.

Diagrams of Remarkable Shots, Reports of Billiard Matches, or Items of interest concerning the game, addressed to the Editor of this column, will be thankfully received and published.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The writers of the numerous communications addressed to Mr. Phelan on billiard matters would do well to indicate whether they wish to receive answers to their interrogatories in "Our Billiard Column" or by letter. When they desire answers in the latter shape, they would do well to enclose a postage stamp.

THE WORLD OF BILLIARDS

G. G. G. Geneva.—The shot should not count. By the fact of touching your ball, after it had struck the object ball, you obviously make the shot a foul one; you obstruct the natural direction which the ball would have taken in obedience to the first stroke of the cue, by pushing it back with a second one.

DEPARTURE OF MR. PHELAN FOR THE SOUTH.—Mr. Phelan left this city by the steamer Nashville on Wednesday, 25th January, for Charleston, S. C. Mr. Phelan will be absent some two months, and will visit during his trip Savannah, Mobile and New Orleans. If time allows, he will visit Texas, and may, probably, pay his respects to the Havana. He will write us regularly, giving his impressions of billiards in the South, the South-West and Cuba. Up to the hour of going to press we have received no letter from him, but have been telegraphed of his arrival in Charleston.

BILLIARD MATCH IN CHICAGO.—A billiard match for the sum of \$200 was to have been played on the 24 inst., at the Tremont Exchange Billiard Room, in Chicago, between Mr. Michael Geary, of that city, and Mr. Frank Parker, late of Milwaukee. Points, 500; balls, 2½ inch; to be played on a Phelan table.

BILLIARDS IN THE SOUTH.—We see by a Southern contemporary that Mr. Blanquo, a Southern billiard-player of note, is in Natchitoches, La., and has offered to play with any player in the Southern States for any amount. Mr. Braynard, a celebrated pool-player, is also in Natchitoches.

BILLIARDS IN THE GREAT ENGLISH UNIVERSITIES.—There is at present an immense billiard excitement in the English Universities of Cambridge and Oxford. Every one knows the great rivalry that exists between the students of these two celebrated seats of learning with regard to the proficiency of their members in all kinds of manly and health-giving sports. Their annual contest at rowing has been celebrated both in prose and verse. They are now about to engage in a billiard contest, and the students of each college are busily at work perfecting their play for the important trial of skill.

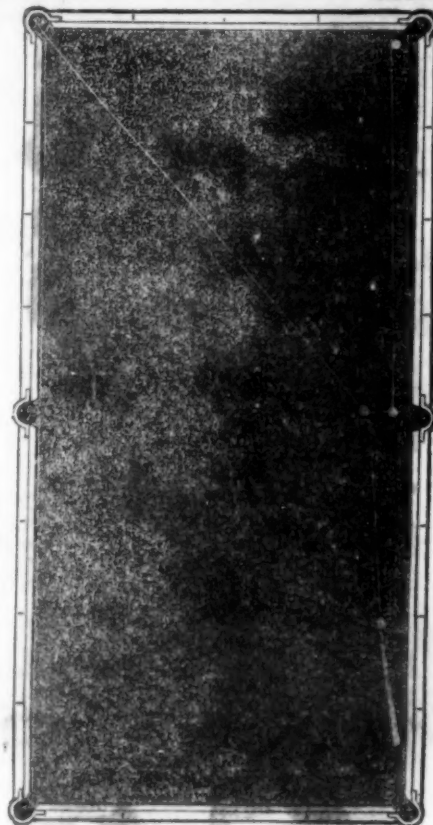
THE INTERNATIONAL BILLIARD TOURNAMENT.—We see that the idea of a billiard tournament, which was broached in this country, years since, in the New York Billiard Cue, and the arrangements for which are being carried out, has been taken up by the Hon. Grantley Berkeley, who lately visited this country. The honorable gentleman recommends the organization of an international billiard tournament in London. The idea, however, belongs to America, and New York is ahead of London, for the American gentleman who conceived the idea has already put himself in communication with the great billiard-players of England and France, who, as we have already informed our readers, received the invitation favorably, and promised a definite answer by the next steamer.

A PLEA FOR VERMONT.—We publish with pleasure the following letter from a gentleman in Vermont, with regard to some remarks published in a late issue on the subject of the passage of a law against billiards by the Legislature of his State. Our friend is an admirer of billiards, and stands up in defence of his native State. The people of Vermont are, we are sure, as a mass, too enlightened and progressive to endorse such petty tyranny as is put within the power of the Selectmen. But there are scattered among them, as elsewhere, a few fanatics, whose intolerance gets the whole people a bad name. Our friend endeavors to excuse the action of the authorities, by stating that the law was made to shut up "a disgraceful hole with a bad table;" but the law does not fine a man for keeping a disgraceful place or a bad table, but for having a billiard table. Besides, is it not the height of injustice to punish all respectable people and families who delight in billiards, for the mere purpose of shutting up a disgraceful hole? Because one dishonest butcher sells bad meat, are all butcher shops to be shut up by municipal enactment? This is what is called special or *ex post facto* legislation, and all jurists consider such legislation as the very essence of tyranny. If you concede to a man the right to make a special law to shut up "a disgraceful hole," how can you afterwards prevent him from applying the law to shut up respectable places? There are certainly other ways to put an end to drunkenness besides that resorted to by the Selectmen of the Vermont village. There are, we presume, laws against that vice, which punish it by fine or imprisonment, and if the carrying these into effect cannot do it, nothing can. We are happy to hear that this is the only instance of a billiard-room being closed by the Selectmen, and that in the old Green Mountain State billiards, public and private, receive universal sanction. The following is the letter of our correspondent:

"Battleboro, January 17, 1860.

"MICHAEL PHELAN, Esq.—Dear Sir—In the Billiard Column of *Frank Leslie's* last issue, I notice your article on the 'old fogeyish' action of the Vermont Legislature in regard to the noble game of billiards. In defence of my native State, as well as an admirer of the aforesaid game, I would state, on the authority of a prominent Member of the last Assembly, that the bill then passed was introduced by a Member from a town in which a disgraceful hole was kept, with a bad table, dignified with the name of billiard-room, a rendezvous for drunkards and loafers of the meanest sort, and one which the Selectmen could only remedy in this way. This is the only instance, of which I am aware, of a billiard-room being closed by the Selectmen. And the constant increase of billiard-rooms, both public and private, attest the fact that no game is more universally sanctioned than billiards. Respectfully yours,

"VERMONT."



THIRTEEN SHOT.

Made by Frank Miller, at Barry & Patten's, San Francisco

An orator holding forth in favor of "woman, dear, divine woman," concluded thus: "Oh, my hearers, depend upon it nothing beats a good wife." "I beg your pardon," replied one of the auditors, "a bad husband does."

A HUNGRY lawyer who was dining at an hotel, shovelled the food into his mouth with his knife, till he accidentally cut his mouth, which was observed by a wag seated opposite, who bawled out, "I say, mister, don't cut that hole in your countenance any larger, or we shall all starve."

A SOLDIER being asked if he met with much hospitality in Ireland, replied that he was in the hospital nearly all the time he was there.



Grand Secretary.

THE SONS OF MALTA—THE LODGE-ROOM—IMPOSING PARAPHERNALIA AND CEREMONIALS.

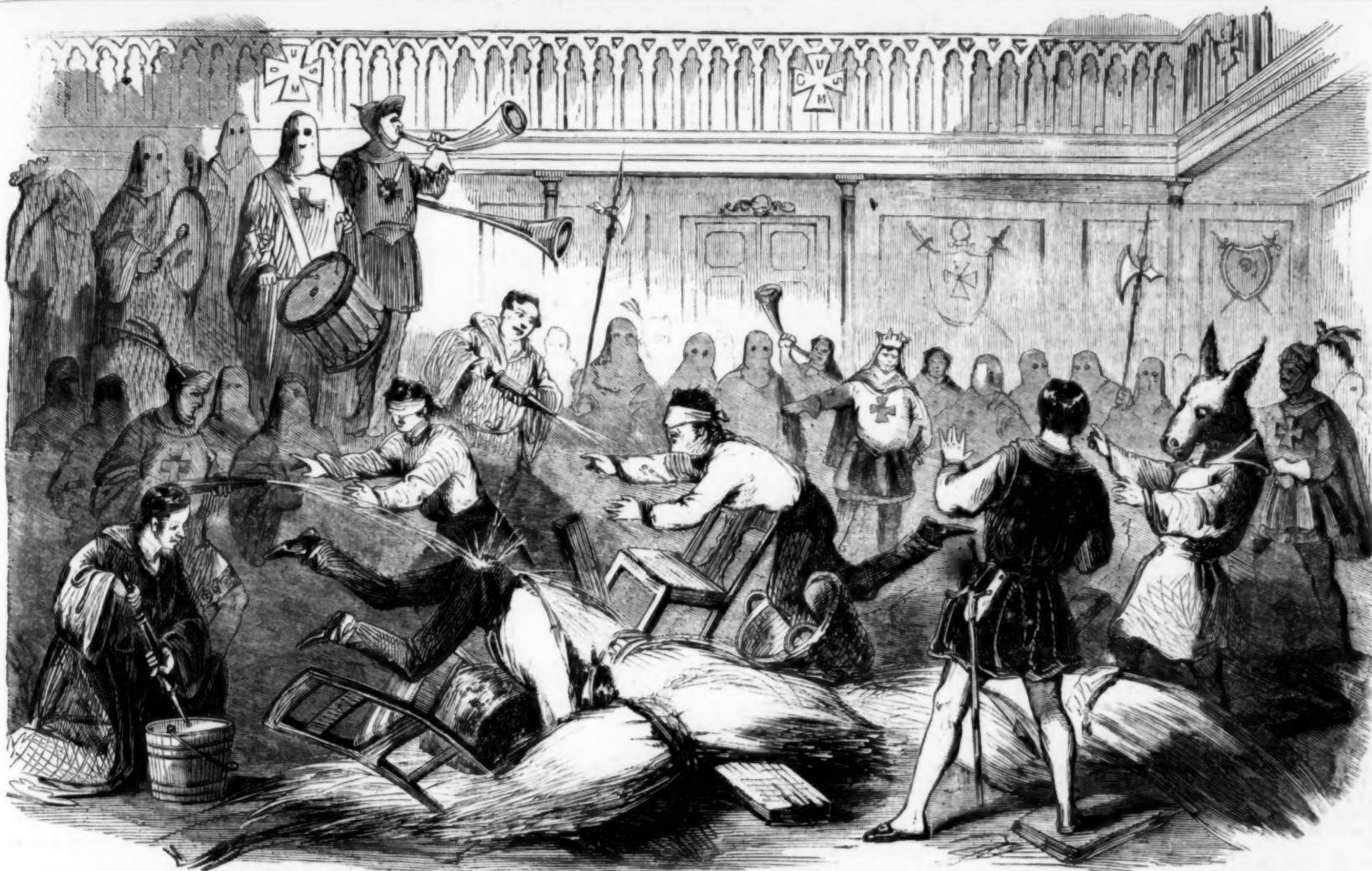
Chief Commander
Skeleton in Coffin

Attendant Demons.

Candidates led by (see Conductor

Grand Recorder.

No
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SONS OF MALTA—THE RUGGED ROAD FOR THE CANDIDATES—THEY STUMBLE OVER EVERY KIND OF IMPEDIMENT, KEPT WITHIN THE CIRCLE BY THE GUARDS, TO THE TERRIBLE ACCOMPANIMENT OF GONGS, TAMBOURINES, SIDE-DRUMS, COW HORNS, AND DELUGES OF WATER FROM GIGANTIC SYRINGES.

GRAND EXPOSURE OF THE CEREMONIES OF THE SONS OF MALTA.

(Continued from page 163.)

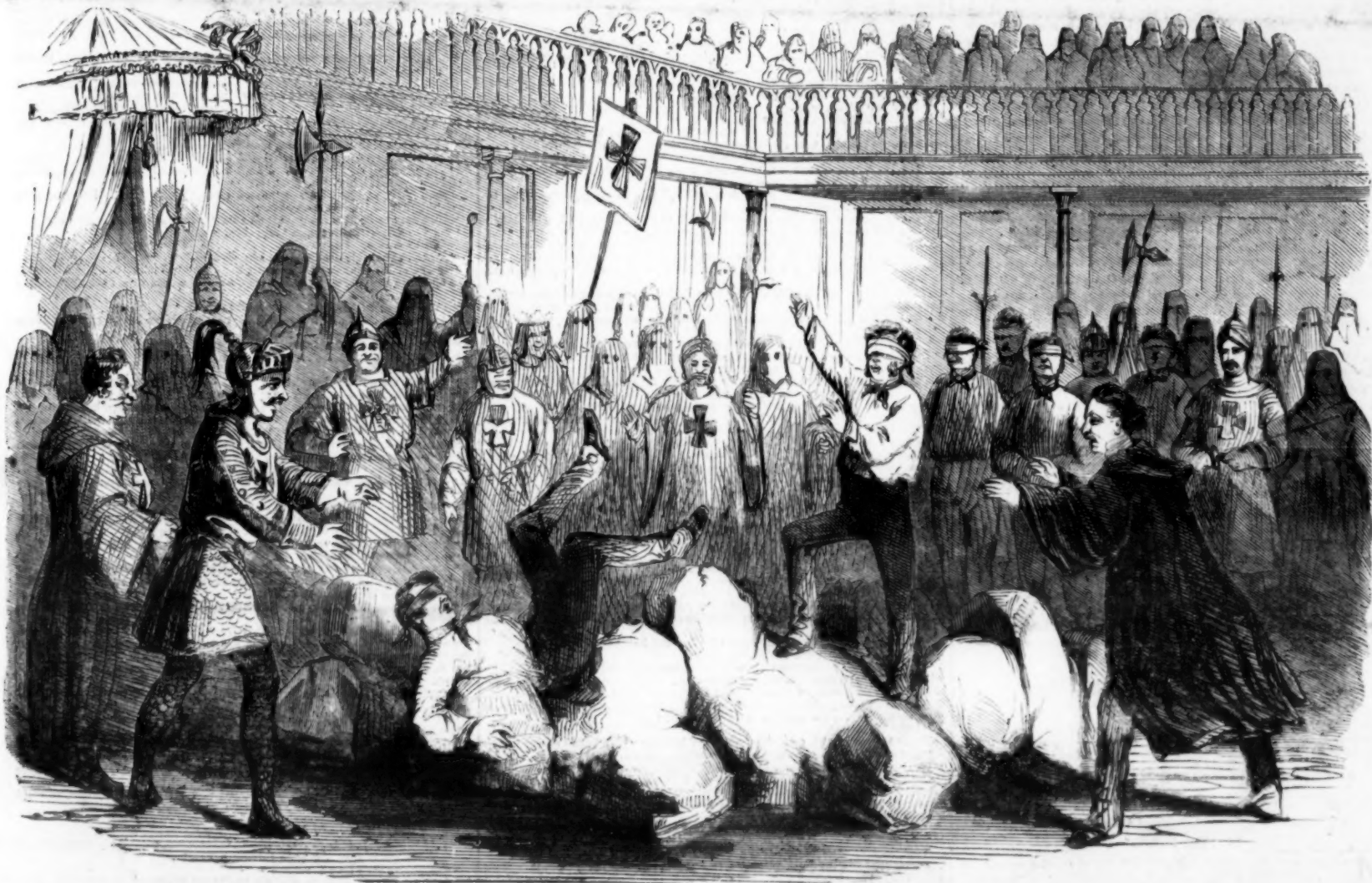
Never before was so barefaced, so impudent a farce paraded before a credulous and too gullible a public. Truth compels us to state that the institution of the Sons of Malta is a tremendous hoax! a sell, so to speak, of the most atrocious kind. The originators of the Order have used all the ingenuity they possessed to invent the most ludicrous situations in which to place the candidate, and the absurdity of their position is rendered more intense, embarrassing, and in some cases more deeply mortifying, from the fact that every reasonable expectation is dissipated. They find a joke where they

expected earnestness—they find a farce, or worse, where they expected solemnity. Every outward demonstration is calculated to mislead the uninitiated. Witness the public displays which have recently taken place in various parts of the country. The procession of the "Seven Cardinals" parades the public streets, the members clothed in long gowns with crosses on the back; the heads and faces covered with large hoods, the eyes only being visible, accompanied by a solemn and imposing insignia, a skeleton, and other solemn paraphernalia calculated to hoodwink and gull the public, and leave an impression of deep mystery, which is to the majority of people a charm—an attraction not to be resisted. And so, they yield to the next request to join the Order, and they become initiated "Sons of Malta," before they discover that they have been—sold!

Having thus enlightened our readers as to the real character of the Order, we shall now proceed to describe a Lodge as seen by our "Shadow." The Order will, no doubt, endeavor to impeach our veracity and proclaim our illustrations the "hoax" which we assert their ceremonies to be, but we pledge our sacred word that we are dealing only with facts—that neither the reading matter nor the illustrations owe anything to the imagination—both were prepared by those who have seen and heard and been "done," and that in nothing has the truth been tampered with or exaggerated.

Initiation and Mysteries of the Sons of Malta.

The Candidate on presenting himself for initiation is received in an outer chamber by a Committee of the Officers of the Lodge, who bear drawn swords in their hands and wear a kind of iron-barred



SONS OF MALTA—THE RUGGED ROAD FOR THE CANDIDATES—OVER HUGE BLOCKS OF ICE, AMID YELLS AND FRIGHTFUL NOISES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, THEY SCRAMBLE, SLIP AND TUMBLE, ALWAYS TURNED BACK, SHOULD THEY STEP BEYOND THE CIRCLE, TO SLIP AND TUMBLE AGAIN, UNTIL THE ORDEAL IS CONCLUDED AND THE FUN IS DEEMED SUFFICIENT.

helmet, which sufficiently conceals the face. The Candidate is questioned closely, and those who question judge whether or not it is advisable to admit all who offer. Some are allowed to depart, but those who are deemed eligible are retained and pay their five dollars fee; after which the Committee return to the Lodge under the pretence of consulting about a balloting for the Candidate.

After sufficient time has been elapsed to impress the Candidate with the importance of the occasion, the Grand Conductor appears and leads him to the inner door, on which he strikes with the hilt of his drawn sword. A small panel opens and the following colloquy ensues, which it is needless to say the neophyte does not hear:

CHIEF OFFICER INSIDE THE LODGE—"What means all this hub-bub?"

SENTINEL AT PANEL—"Strangers approaching the Camp."

CHIEF OFFICER INSIDE THE LODGE—"Let 'em rip!"

The Lodge.

After the Candidate, through the agency of the Grand Conductor, has passed the outer door, he enters into the Lodge and into the presence of the assembled Brethren. He beholds an imposing sight; indeed, to one of sensitive nerves, an alarming sight. Ranged around the vast chamber are the "Sons," draped and hooded, their serious, staring eyes alone flashing in the gloom, for the hall is but dimly lighted; on either side, beneath a tapestried canopy adorned with the insignia of the Order, sit the Chief Officers; at the centre, back, similarly accommodated, the Grand Recorder and Grand Secretary, all mute and immovable as statues. In the centre, raised upon a broad platform draped black, is a coffin containing a human skeleton. Four antique lamps, placed at either corner of the platform, cast a lurid glare over the scene, which is rendered more weird and imposing by four living demons, hideously clothed in huge horned masks and tails, and each waving a flaming torch, the smoke from which, floating around, imparts additional gloom to an ensemble already sufficiently mysterious and horrible. The Candidates follow the G. C. through all these horrors, stare around the Lodge, in stentorian silence, no sound being heard saving the clanking of the swords of the Conductors and the Officers. The third time they pass around, soft and solemn music is heard, low mutterings, which heighten the mystery of the scene to a pitch of fearful intensity. They are brought to a stand before G. R., who questions them closely (their answers are always satisfactory); an obligation is then administered, and after a solemn and sorrowful interview with the G. Com., they are led out into the ante-room by the G. Conductor. This closes the first scene.

No sooner had the Candidates retired, when lo! the gas is turned on, the demons disappear, the coffin removed, and the place it occupied is strewn with chairs, stools, planks and bundles of straw, forming a series of obstacles most unpleasant to stumble over. When all is prepared, the gas is turned to its full brightness and permission given the Candidate to enter.

The G. Conductor approaches the door and knocks for admission, when the G. Commander shouts in a loud voice: "What is it that makes the alarm?"

The Sentinel replies: "Friends! who will do no harm."

The G. C. answers: "Bid them beware! and welcome to enter here!"

The members all respond: "Welcome to enter here."

The candidates carefully and completely blindfolded then enter, each one holding on to the coat tail of the one preceding him. Thus they are led round and round the lodge amid all sorts of jibes, jeers and mutterings; and at last they are brought before the throne of the Grand Commander. They are now asked all sorts of questions as to what they can do. Can they swim, they must show the motion. Can they sing, dance, talk French, Latin, German or Greek, they must give a specimen of their ability. Do they understand the use of arms, the drill, small sword, broad sword? with what they can use they are accommodated, and have to go through the exercises. The ridiculous points of all this can hardly be imagined. The members are secretly convulsed with laughter, which will now and then break forth, when a solemn warning breaks on the ear, "No levity!" The poor devils of candidates half smell a rat, but in their blind state they know not what to think, and the solemnity of the superior officers overawes them. After all have gone through their questioning they take another more solemn obligation, having particular reference to the conquest of Cuba, placing their hands upon a large book, which they suppose to be the Bible, but which in fact contains the portraits of two jacksasses, one young, lively, erect and spirited, the other aged and drooping, as though overworked. When this examination is finished, with its concluding obligation, the candidates are permitted to retire, to prepare for the trying ordeal through which they have to pass.

After an absence of a few minutes the candidates, still securely blindfolded, are led in one by one. Round about the lodge they go in a wild and rough manner, hurried, pushed and dragged along, which in their blind state induces a feeling of terrible insecurity. Still they go round. Each time the circle is narrowed until at last they are led on to the accumulated obstacles, and then each man for himself. They tumble here and stumble there, now over a chair, now over each other, now flat upon the ground. Meanwhile some of the brotherhood are beating gongs, side-drums, tamborines, blowing upon cow-horns and making a fearful row generally, while others are deluging the hapless strugglers with water squirted out of huge syringes. Vain are the struggles of the sufferers, for as soon as any one escapes momentarily from the circle the guards direct them back again to the scene of disaster, until the spectators, tired with that part of the fun, the signal is given to allow the poor candidate a breathing spell.

Sometimes, at this stage of the proceedings, huge blocks of ice are piled up indiscriminately on the floor, and over these the candidates are led, when their slippings and slidings convulse the brotherhood with laughter, while their groans and sputterings of anguish and disgust are drowned by a noise of braying and brazen instruments comparable with nothing divine or earthly.

While yet unrecovered from the exertion of these terrible ordeals, and hurried hither and thither in darkness, breathless and exhausted, a whisper is hissed into their ears, "Crawl for your lives," and down upon their knees the poor devils drop, and crawl through a large and long iron pipe, upon which some of the "Sons" are pounding with all their might with thick staves, while a demonic noise of cow-horns, bells, drums, accordions and gongs, make up a babel of confusion which must be heard to be appreciated, for it cannot be imagined.

Here, for the present, let us draw a veil over the solemn and imposing mysteries of the Order of the Sons of Malta!

In our next we shall resume the subject, and lead our readers deeper and deeper into the secret sources of that mighty order which has humbugged and gammoned the world. Look out for our next number!

FLORENCE DE LACY;

OR,

QUICKSANDS AND WHIRLPOOLS.

A TALE OF YOUTH'S TEMPTATIONS.

By Percy B. St. John.

Author of "Quadronea," "Photographs of the Heart," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

There was a gentle and benevolent smile on the manly countenance of Dr. Pomeroy, as he gazed on the young people, which testified the extreme satisfaction which he felt at what appeared to be the reconciliation of the lovers. There are some men who never wholly lose all remembrance of their own youth—who in fact retain a perpetual sunshine of the heart.

"You appear to be progressing," said the physician; "my services will not be much longer needed."

"I hope not, and yet how grateful should I be for this terrible trial."

As he spoke he looked with a significant smile at Florence.

"All visions dissipated, eh? No more French fancies," said Pomeroy, with a merry twinkle of his eye.

"Not a word of that," said Florence, eagerly checking him, and placing her hand upon his mouth—"not a word—she has but just left this room. She nursed him through his long illness, and when danger was over, left him for ever. Whatever felicity may be in store for me, I owe to her."

"Bless me!" said the doctor; "then the sister of charity—"

"Was Cecile de Vaux!"

"You don't say so—really, bless my soul, how very extraordinary."

"More than extraordinary," continued Florence, very gravely.

"Then not a word about her. By-the-by, young lady, are you in a mood to receive a message from my young friend, Peter Faulet?"

"Message!" said Florence, blushing, while Frank Wilton listened curiously.

"Yes; the young gentleman is exceedingly anxious to enter into the holy bonds of matrimony, and if a certain Miss Florence de Lacy of my acquaintance is ready and willing—"

"I'll cut the puppy's ears off," said Frank Wilton, hotly.

"Oh! oh! sits the wind in that quarter?" cried the doctor. "What am I to suppose?"

"That Florence, like an angel, has forgiven me, and as soon as possible after my restoration our marriage is to be solemnised."

"What will your father say?" said the worthy old doctor.

"Surely, if she forgives me, he can have no objection."

"I don't know, sir; he's an obstinate old fellow. Is he not, Florence, eh?"

Florence smiled rather ambiguously, and after a little more good-humored banter, Pomeroy took his leave.

Frank Wilton, somewhat exhausted by the stirring events of that memorable morning, took a draught from the hand of his fair mistress, and composed himself to sleep.

Florence, after giving some necessary directions to the old man, began reading, or rather with a book in her hand, she feigned to read. Sensations too delicious and fresh were upon her heart, for the meaning of the words she spelled through to reach the fortress of the brain.

In memory she was carried back to that bright home at Ashhurst, where first her heart had learned to beat in union with his who lay there now so motionless and still. She thought, as maidens will think, of that bright hour when, in accents low and hushed, he had whispered his tale in words always eloquent when the speaker is sincere. She remembered the very hue of the trees, the song of the birds, the floating cloud that passed across the sun, as if it had been an emblem of her own trials.

Suddenly the nurse advanced across the floor and whispered a sentence.

Florence turned pale and red by turns, at the same time receiving a note from her hands.

"I may be doing wrong," she said aloud, "but it seems kind."

Again she perused the letter.

"Show them in."

The nurse went out.

"Miss Florence," said a well-known voice close to her in a whisper, "don't be startled. I'm here and want for to speak."

"Jack Jinks?"

"Yes, miss."

"Come in."

"No; I'm outside the window, and am a getting in. I've going to stop here behind the curtain, but mind you watch 'em well. They're come here for no good."

"I can tell you, I'll be here directly. He sent me on."

Before Florence had time to reply Stephen de Lacy and Adelaide entered.

"Dear Florence," said her half-sister, who was deadly pale.

"I don't know that I am doing right," stammered poor Florence, upon whom the warning of the groom had not been without its effect.

"Not right to see your own sister!" replied Adelaide, with well-feigned surprise. "Why, who can control such natural sentiments as these? Who can have a right?"

Florence hung her head.

Stephen looked meaningly at Adelaide, and a dark shadow crossed her countenance.

"Florence," said Adelaide, severely, "I can perceive that our confidence in one another has been impaired, but, under the circumstances, I have thought it doubly my duty to visit you here. You are in trouble, and Sir Stephen de Lacy, as head of the house—"

A smile played round the lips of Florence de Lacy.

"And I as his wife—"

"Wife!" gasped Florence, starting back with genuine surprise.

"Yes, Florence, I am now Lady de Lacy. The death of Sir Roland appears established beyond a doubt. I have come to say that, as co-heiresses, we shall have many things to arrange in common. I suppose you are, after all, going to marry this young man. We, of course, can have no possible objection. He is, at all events, of a respectable family, and then, you know, you will have enough for both. The late Sir Roland de Lacy I forgive, despite his severity and cruelty. In future you will have to look to Sir Stephen for advice and counsel."

"Yes, Florence," said Stephen, turning to the young girl, while Adelaide moved carelessly towards the bed.

Watch! whispered Jack close to her ear.

Florence trembled violently.

"Adelaide," she said, in a hushed voice, "don't disturb him, I pray."

"I was only going to take one peep," she replied, leaning across the table where stood the medicine bottles.

"Do come away, Adelaide; the east noise will wake him."

"Don't be alarmed," said the elder sister, pettishly. "I begin to understand your meaning. We are clearly not wanted here. Sir Stephen, give me your arm; let us go."

As from the dead—as from a yawning grave—up rose before her, as she spoke, a ghastly figure. It was a face livid as much with passion as with suffering. Lines of rage, lines of pain, lines of care marked and seared its every feature.

Adelaide shrieked.

"Murderer! adulterer!" it said.

Stephen de Lacy made, with extreme alacrity, for the door.

"No, you don't," said Jack, interposing; "the pleasure of your company is respectfully requested for half an hour."

"Stand out of the way, rascal, or I will knock you down," roared Stephen, who was frantic with terror and surprise.

"Try," said Jack, drily.

Stephen slunk back into the room.

"So, woman," said Captain Lechmere, for it was her husband, risen, as it were, from the dead, who addressed her, "you and your accomplice have had me not only assassinated, as you supposed, but ere five months, five little months have passed, my remembrance is so utterly obliterated from your brain that you dare to marry—"

"I had official notice of your death in action," said Adelaide, endeavoring to rouse her bold and resolute spirit.

"Death in action! shot by the hireling of that miserable bound, who stands shaking and trembling yonder! Florence de Lacy, I have sinned deeply, but the near approach of death has cleared away many a mist; and for the evil I have done I have repented. These two wretches hired a ruffian to murder your affianced husband. As I was in possession of their secret, they agreed to destroy me also."

All stood aghast but Adelaide. She saw that their schemes had miscarried, but still hoped to save herself. She turned towards Captain Lechmere, and in a tone of voice which she endeavored to render as impressive as possible, she said:

"Charles, on my soul, no. If your supposed death was the result of a crime, I, at least, was innocent of any participation in it. However much I might have been disappointed in you, I was willing to bear the burden. My efforts to obtain possession of Ashhurst were more for you than myself. I believed that, rich and respected, you would be kind to me. It was a pure necessity of position which made me marry Stephen on the occasion of your supposed death."

"But why marry a beggar?" cried the exasperated captain; "an outcast and wretched beggar—why, don't you know—"

"Clean against orders," said Jack Jinks, checking him.

"Thank you, Jack Jinks. I had really forgotten. And now, woman, what do you propose to do? Which is the bottle of poison which was to slay this unfortunate young man?"

Adelaide closed her eyes and gasped for breath, Florence sank into a chair, while Stephen again eyed the door with suspicious alacrity. But there stood Jack Jinks.

A speechless horror hung over the room.

"There it is," half shrieked Adelaide, pointing out a medicine bottle. And then a sudden thought striking her, she made a dash at it.

"No," said Jinks, with extreme rapidity, arresting her progress, and capturing the bottle; "no suicide allowed—against the governor's orders."

"Let me go—let me hide myself—I will ask nothing from any of you—but only let me go," cried the wretched woman, all her fearful schemes shattered to atoms at one fell swoop—all her hopes of fortune, rank, station, blighted at one blow.

"Let me go," whimpered Stephen, who had not half her moral courage.

Captain Lechmere alone was able to reply.

"Woman, your punishment is to live. A merciful and generous judge, in whose hands rests all our fates, has so decreed. If you are willing to return to my home, and retire to some distant colony, we shall be allowed a competence. I can take you back without dishonor, even from this man, because you thought yourself a widow. Do you decide?"

"I will obey."

There was, however, a cat-like twinkle of her eye which boded no good.

"Remember, madam, your allowance will depend on your good conduct as reported by me," he added, for he had noticed the change of countenance.

"Here, before your sister, I pledge myself, if you will repent, and endeavor to aid me in my design to expiate my past follies, to forget everything, and never, by word or deed, remind you of the past."

Adelaide bowed her head.

"What is to become of me?" said Stephen, whose spirit had quailed from the first.

"I know not. Stephen, your crimes of hypocrisy, lust of lucre, have been so hideous, your ways have been so tortuous and crooked, that I would advise you to disappear, lest in his just anger our mutual judge hand you over to the law."

"Judge!" said Stephen, with a snarl; "who are you talking about? Am I not at least Sir Stephen de Lacy? Who can call me to account?"

A dashing up of horses, and a rapid ringing of bells, here startled everybody, Frank Wilton started up in his bed. The effect of the slight narcotic he had taken was already evaporated.

"My dear good master," shouted Jinks, rushing to the bedside, "I can't keep it any longer; I shall bust if I do. I've kept it twenty years. Look you, Master Stephen, just fill your eyes full of him, and then comprehend your own little game. You are deceived, everybody is deceived. You're all taken in and done for. You Sir Stephen! there ain't, never vos, and never will be no such person. This is Francis Roland de Lacy, the future Sir Roland, lord of Ashhurst House. Hurrah! God save the Queen!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE astonishment of the whole of the persons present at this scene may be conceived. We doubt whether the explosion of a shell would have produced half so much commotion.

You lie!" roared Stephen, who, though he had all along suspected this, could not see the last hope of his life escape him without a terrible convulsion.

Certain hints, the mysterious will and information acquired at great trouble and cost had put him on the right road. Hence his persevering attempts to destroy the young man.

"Am I dreaming? Jack, what do you mean?" cried Frank, himself far more astonished and bewildered than any one else.

"That you are no more Frank Wilton than I am; that you be the eldest son of Sir Roland de Lacy. Ha! ha! ha! He didn't want Miss Florence to marry no Frank Wilton, not he—cos vy? he always intended her for his own eldest son. Ha! ha! ha! Warn't he a deep old card?"

But my father, my mother?" said Frank, who began to think Jack had taken permanent leave of his senses.

"All in good time, Master Frank de Lacy."

The young man looked at Florence.

Adelaide sat speechless in a chair.

"Is this true, Florence?"

"Yes," she said, with a sweet smile; "I have known it some time."

"Ten thousand curses!" muttered Stephen.

The door opened as he spoke, and, leaning on the arms of Dr. Pomeroy and Harcourt, entered the person known to our readers as Mr. Wilton.

"My father!" cried Frank.

"Sir Roland de Lacy, and yet, boy, your father. I see Jack has betrayed me. I'll punish you—you scoundrel. Yes, Frank, you are the eldest son of one of the oldest baronets in the kingdom and heir to his vast estates. But for that good girl there you would never have known it. But I owe you all an explanation, and you shall have it. Bring me a stool, my child."

Florence brought him a stool and made him comfortable in his armchair; she then seated herself at his feet. The rest, Harcourt and Pomeroy excepted, stood behind him, quite out of sight.

Jack Jinks kept his eye steadily upon the door.

Frank received a cordial, which, under the circumstance, was very necessary, and then, propped up by pillows, prepared to listen to what appeared to him a tale of magic and fairy land. Though he heard with his ears and saw with his eyes, yet he could scarcely believe.

"Some years ago," said the baronet, speaking in a clear and distinct voice, "the holder of the baronetcy of the De Lacy was a somewhat distant relative. He was a man of singularly saturnine and peculiar character, but very free in money matters. Sir Edmund de Lacy had estranged himself from all his relatives save only his two sons, two young men of promise and capacity. For these he entertained a very sincere but fatal attachment. Whatever they did was right. They were high-spirited youths, and would probably have distinguished themselves in any walk in life which might have been selected for them."

"Their father, however, would allow them to be educated only as private gentlemen."

"The elder son inherited the estates and title; the younger a very considerable maternal patrimony."

"Suddenly the old baronet died, leaving the two young men, aged twenty-five and twenty-two, in the undisturbed possession of their property."

"They neither of them had any occupations; their minds to a certain extent uncultivated. The natural result ensued. They flew to dissipation. went to Paris—one was killed in a broil at a hideous gambling-house in the then infamous Palais Royal; the other died after two years of ignoble debauchery."

"But their deaths were, I conscientiously believe, caused by want of occupation."

"Had they been trained to gentlemanly professions, had one been launched on the exciting career of diplomacy, the other been inducted into the church, they might have lived honorably and well."

"But they were driven by sheer idleness and the possession of great wealth to find occupation in excitement. I do not mean to say that it was necessary they should select an evil road, but young, undisciplined and rich, the chances were that they would."

"About that time I was a great disciple of Isaac Walton, and wandering about the country."

"The name of De Lacy was as notorious at that time as that of a certain nobleman is now."

"I did not wish to call attention to myself. I took the name of Wilton."

"It was under this guise and under this name that I visited the village of Waterton, and there made the acquaintance of a family of the name of Bentley."

Frank's eyes began to glisten, while all listened with breathless interest.

"The introduction was quite accidental, but once formed I knew that my fate was fixed."

"I found there a young lady, who combined with an excellent education on common modesty and good sense, and a love for retirement and quiet which enabled me to carry out my somewhat eccentric projects."

"I determined that my children should be brought up in obscurity, in the belief that they had their way to make in the world, and should only hear of their higher fortunes when their characters were fixed. Above all I determined they should never contract marriage until they knew their real station."

"I became Sir Roland de Lacy, and my new rank compelled frequent absences. My noble wife agreed to everything. Waterton was endeared to her as the place of her birth—endeared by early associations and even by the sight of a rising family."

"To the world I was an unmarried baronet of large fortune. It would be idle to describe all the attempts that were made to entrap me."

"I, of course, resisted every effort. I always left my wealthy residence at Ashhurst House for my humble farm at Waterton with pleasure."

"Then came difficulties. My brother died in India and left two daughters. I could not but take them home. I knew the world would regard them as my heirs, but after what I had done I could not help it."

"I devised a plan, as I thought, faultlessly perfect."

"It was to keep them unmarried and unengaged for some time, and then introduce them to my two sons. I intended Adelaide for Master Frank, there, and Florence for Henry."

A wild flash, a pang of agony passed over Adelaide's face. Florence held down her head in modest confusion.

"Then came a fearful into my house under the name of Stephen de Lacy."

"He was a near relative, and I suspected him not."

"Jack Jinks did."

"A word about this good and faithful servant."

"In one of his wanderings, Master Jinks came to Waterton. The vagabond was an angler, and when he could get a holiday would walk over to Waterton and fish in its prolific stream."

"I was standing at my lawn gate with my wife."

"A theatrical start which he gave as he passed, convinced me that I was discovered."

"I made up my mind at once."

"Jack, I cried, 'come here.'"

"Yes, Sir Roland."

"Follow me into the house."

"He did so, and in the presence of my wife, I told him my whole story. With tears in his eyes he solemnly promised to keep my secret. He did so until a few minutes ago, for which offence—but no matter. From that moment he became my friend and confidential adviser."

"He was first informed that Stephen was playing a deep game with Adelaide—that he was trying to win her hand unknown to me."

"I already had changed my mind with regard to her. There was that in her character which made me resolve never to select her as a daughter."

"In my own mind I destined Florence for my eldest son."

"Florence and Frank here looked at one another in speechless astonishment."

"My delight may be imagined, when my faithful scout announced to me that they had anticipated my wishes by mutually falling in love."

"I determined, however, to punish them by keeping them in suspense."

"I went on one of my periodical visits to my wife."

"Then Adelaide, who had engaged herself to Captain Lechmere, about whom I will only say that if his repentance is sincere, he shall never regret it, persuaded Florence to elope with Frank."

"She never intended they should marry. Her object was to dishonor her younger sister."

"She gave her into the hands of that fiend Stephen de Lacy. He too was playing a deep game. He knew my personal dislike to Captain Lechmere. If he could force Florence to marry him he would be sole heir to Ashhurst."

"No one suspected the existence of direct male heirs to my baronetcy and estates."

"The extraordinary fortune you acquired by an accident, Master Francis Roland de Lacy, I intend you shall transfer to Cecile de Vaux, who has left Paris for a distant part, and will there, I believe, dispense her wealth in a proper and charitable manner."

"I thank you, sir," said Frank, respectfully. "This is truly kind."

"On your marriage with Florence, which I understand is arranged, I will give up to you Ashhurst House, it being my firm resolution to live for the future at Waterton. Your brother Henry, who, it appears, is the husband of that Mary Falconbridge I spoke so harshly of once, will reside with you when at home until I build him a fitting house."

"Captain Lechmere, you, as we have agreed, will proceed to New Zealand. I will transfer to you my large tracts of land there, and furnish you with such capital as you require. I hope and trust you will yet be a useful member of society. You will take your wife with you."

"And if I refuse to go?" said Adelaide.

"I will tell you, ma'am, when you do refuse to go," said the baronet, fixing his eyes sternly upon her.

Adelaide made no reply; she was afraid of that stern old man.

"Not one word have I to say to Stephen de Lacy, but that he is free to go. His name protects him. But let me hear but a whisper of any future evil deed, and I give him up to the laws as the assassin of his brother, his father, and the attempted assassin of my son."

Jack Jinks turned his back, and Stephen de Lacy slunk from the room.

Captain Lechmere took his wife's arm and followed in his wake.

"My dear father," began Frank.

"Not a word, my boy; you are not quite strong yet. When you are better we will talk again. I have, perhaps, been harsh with you. At my age men should never forget they have been once young, and that youth's temptations are many. It may truly be said that in the outset of life we are all surrounded by quicksands and whirlpools, and happy are those who, in avoiding Charybdis, do not fall into Scylla."

"It is, I fear, an error to be too harsh upon the follies of boyhood. Men are more easily led to good than they are driven."

About six months later there were grand doings at Ashhurst House in honor of the marriage of Francis Roland de Lacy and Florence, his cousin. Immense was the surprise of the county, and great the delight of the tenantry, when it was found that a direct male heir existed to the baronetcy.

It was agreed that, with a view to their proper introduction into society, the sisters should, as they grew up, reside a considerable portion of the year with their elder brother.

"And you, father," said Frank, in his manly, winning way, "will you not come often, too?"

"Yes, my boy, I will; and when I am tired of bustle and noise, when grandchildren pull my whiskers too hard, or the future Lady de Lacy looks askance at me, I will retire with my wife to my sulky hermitage."

"Father," said Florence, smiling through her tears, "how can you?"

"Well, well, I will be with you often."

He kept his promise. Before many years there were attractions at Ashhurst House which he could not resist, in the shape of little grandsons and granddaughters.

One day, without a word, he gave up his farm at Waterton to Mr. and Mrs. John Jinks, and took up his perpetual residence in a wing of Ashhurst House.

After serving a short time longer, as there was no prospect of active employment, both Frank and Henry gave up their professions, and became active country gentlemen.

Florence, with all her sufferings, enjoyed unalloyed happiness.

Relieved from all fear of Stephen de Lacy and of Rolfe, Reuben Hakewell returned to his post as gamekeeper. He had had a severe lesson, and had profited by it.

At no great distance from L—, in New Zealand, there lives to this day a stern and premature old man. He is rich in flocks and herds, and has hundreds of acres under cultivation. He is a man who never wears; where work is to be done, there he is. He is a magistrate, and an active public man in the colony.

His name is Lechmere, and no one knows anything of his previous history. He is married and has children.

His wife is much younger than himself, and looks upon him, one would fancy, with more of awe than love.

When he entered the colony, several years before, he had a wife, but she died shortly after his arrival from the breaking of a blood-vessel in a fit of passion.

The very day after she died there came a dark, saturnine man to the house, under the pretence of asking his way.

It was the master of the house who answered him.

"Come in, and I will tell you."

Stephen de Lacy and Captain Lechmere were face to face.

"What want you?" said the latter, sternly.

"Nothing," stammered Stephen. "I have sold off everything in England, and hearing you were prosperous, thought I would follow your example."

"Stephen," said the other, more mildly, "it is not for me to scrutinize your motives. Do you wish to see your cousin?"

"If you have no objection," said Stephen, recovering himself.

"Follow me."

He led him to the door of the room. It was opened, and a gloom of semi-darkness met their gaze.

"Where are you taking me?" faltered Stephen, drawing back.

"Come in," said Lechmere.

The unwilling man entered before him, and saw an open coffin.

"Dead?"

"Look," said Lechmere.

"Dead?"

"And now, assassin, go thy way. If we meet again my rifle shall do you justice."

And Stephen fled, howling. A few days afterwards a mangled body was found half eaten by wild beasts.

On the shores of the Mediterranean is a lovely villa, in a beautiful spot, with a climate of oranges, and blossoms ever blooming, and there the poor never call in vain. Its owner is tall. She is still a young woman, and her hand dispenses charity upon all. Everybody blesses her, and the little spot in Italy which enjoys the benefit of her presence is gifted above all.

And she is happy, and often smiles at one beside her.

Who this we shall not say.

It is a mystery which never came to the ears of any of our characters.

THE END.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The news from the Old World is to the 15th ult.

The reported resumption of the scheme of a Congress appears to have had origin in the visit of Lord Cowley to London. Lord Cowley was, it seems, the bearer of a proposition from the French Government, to the effect that England should join in a circular addressed to the Courts of Europe, insisting upon non-intervention in the affairs of Central Italy, and making intervention a *casus belli*. The principle was accepted by the English Cabinet, with a reserve of the belligerent alternative, the sanction of Parliament being necessary to authorize a step involving among its consequences a declaration of war. In the absence of this clause, the idea of a diplomatic communication was relinquished, and that of a general Congress resumed. This state of affairs is regarded by the London *Times* as eminently auspicious for the cause of Italy; while the Paris *Pays* declares the situation to be entirely satisfactory, and even intimates that the Pope is willing to make the desired concessions. On the other hand, there are indications of indisposition on the part of Austria to abandon the cause of the expatriated Dukes—a temper that may yet cause trouble.

There is nothing of striking moment from the Continent.

Walker, the fugitive captain of the pirate yacht *Wanderer*, had arrived at Liverpool, and had been arrested for obtaining goods upon false pretences.

The long anticipated meeting of the shareholders of the Great Eastern had been held, but nothing definite had transpired prior to the departure of the steamer.

The intelligence from India and China is later, but unimportant. The only item of interest being that, although the Chinese had requested the intervention of the American Minister, they were preparing to give the French and English a warm reception.

PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Advertising in general and in France—Madame Lemoine—A Russian turn-out—The Opera Comique—Don Gregorio—Fascinating women of mature years—Mlle. Noemi Trochu—Madame de M. and her artist.

WHEN will some great genius, some man who is known to the world as political economist and as practically familiar with life—some man like Bastiat or Otto Michaelis of Berlin or your own Henri Carey, give us a book on the science of advertising! I do not mean a work of mere statistics, I mean one in which the social developments and art, and genial side of the science or art of making oneself known to the public shall be analyzed from a historical point of view. You Americans, and you other Englishmen may claim for instance, with justice, to have piled up colossal monuments of advertising. Your Bonners have shown us the enormous daring of giving, at incredible expenditure, the mere repetition of their names and wares through lace-worked columns of newspapers; your Hollways have sent their paragraphs into Arabic, Sandwich Islandic, Chilian Indian, Welsh, Bohemian, Turkish and even Portuguese placards and journals. But I claim that the Frenchman is as yet unsurpassed in the "puff elegant." A century ago the English Sterne was struck with this, and did homage to French genius when he recorded his admiration of the Paris bootmaker, who on showing him a boot, said, "You may plunge it into the ocean and it will not absorb moisture." The French advertisement finds its way adroitly into everything. The guard who watches at the portal of the Louvre

cannot protect majesty itself from it, and our blessed St. Eugenie is herself an advertisement for dressmakers and silk manufacturers. She wears great robes, and thereby increases the world's demand for French silk, while the Emperor twists his monstaches up in order to create a demand for the Hungarian pomatum which is so extensively made in Paris. Hurrah for the little dodges!

I write in pride, but there is a little anger mixed with it, for I have just been extensively sold by reading in the *Voleur* a thrilling account of an adventure in California, which ended by the heroes being saved by the patent revolver made by somebody in the Rue Rivoli. After this, under the head of news of the week, came an interesting illustration—to men of science especially—of the power of certain perfumes on the olfactory and optic nerves. Certain rude workmen, men whose profession had so accustomed them to strong odors, that they boasted that nothing was too strong for them, were induced to try a sniff at the *eau de cologne à la fleur imperiale*, made by one Prosper. "They boasted that their lachrymal fibres were so strong as to resist every proof. But the contact of the *eau de cologne* of Prosper with their olfactory organs was so powerful, that they burst into tears and avowed themselves vanquished!" Touching picture, one worthy of pine wood engraving!

Madame Lemoine the child-burner is, after all, a little of a favorite with the French world. Her sublime "sensations," her dramatic avowal that she preferred the abyss of crime to disgrace, and above all her perfectly ladylike manners, quite outbalance in some hearts the peccadillo of burning an illegitimate *moutard*. A late letter from Tours announces that the lady demanded and received permission to see her daughter before the latter should leave for Paris. Hear what the letter says: "During this solemn meeting of mother and daughter, Madame Lemoine did not for an instant lose the calmness and firmness which had been so tested before the court. The interview lasted many hours. To a member of the prison commission who entered the cell while she conversed with her daughter, Madame Lemoine manifested the greatest courtesy; (*s'est montrée empressée pour le visiteur*.) A woman of the world, she received him as she would have done in her own parlor."

During the last snow we had, of course, a Russian novelty. Count de Kratschichtniouff, nothing less, appeared with his wife in a magnificent sleigh, exactly resembling a great black swan, drawn by four large Arctic dogs, the whole hung with sweet sounding bells. Behind the Slavonian pair there stood a still more Slavonian servant dressed in full Cossack attire, including a long beard, who drove the droll team with great dexterity. Ask if there was a crowd of gamins chasing this *traineau* whenever it went slowly?

The dramatic world is lively enough in a small way. The Opera Comique has given us "Don Gregorio," the same plot which we have already had at the Varieties as "The Teacher in Trouble." A very noble, honorable, conscientious teacher has confided to him a young man, who secretly learns to conjugate the verb "to love" with a pretty little miss. Then comes a secret marriage, stolen interviews and—horror of horrors—a baby! Imagine the horror of the virtuous teacher when all this is found out! To save his credit and his place he becomes, very much against the grain, the accomplice of the young couple, carries the baby out and in, hidden under his cloak, until the happy *dénouement* is brought about and everybody is forgiven. As for the music it recalls everything one ever heard from *Au clair de la lune* up to thunder.

Scribes "Maiden of Thirty" has been played at the Vaudeville. How pleasant it is after all to see so many recognitions in modern French literature of the fact that a woman may be loveable and loved after thirty. It is the reproach of literature and art that it has hitherto treated woman like an *Odalisque*, and measured her value more by mere youth even than beauty, and more by animal freshness than by the best and noblest feelings. A century ago the popular heroine was a girl of fourteen, a mere budding school miss. The Greeks, nay the Romans, were nobler in this respect than we. They did not worship in woman a mere creature of society-show, of dress, of fashion; they valued the form as much as the face, yes and the mind more than we do. When woman shall be physically educated to health and intellectually educated to become a companion to man, thirty will no longer be the limit of love.

It is sometimes lucky to be the descendant of a great poet. Mademoiselle Noemi Trochu is the great grand-daughter of Racine, and a subscription has been opened for her that it may not be said that a great descent contrasts with great poverty. "France is rich enough to pay for her glory." The Emperor and Empress have subscribed fifteen thousand francs, and one thousand francs for their little imperial prince boy. It was well done of them and deserves honorable mention.

Madame de M. is a brave-hearted, tender woman, a true lady, perfect in everything except wealth. Her means enable her to hold a *salon en vogue* with economy, but not to marry a poor artist whom she loves. But she has genius, and knew that her lover had. Not long ago a well-known collection of immensely valuable pictures were to be sold; the least things in it were by Meissonier, Couture, Vernet. The lady owned four exquisite pictures by her lover; she begged him to retouch them very carefully. She then sold a little estate which she could ill spare, and by dint of ferocious intriguing and bribery obtained that these four pictures should go into the gallery and be described in the catalogue. Imagine the amazement of the artist when Madame told him that she had sold his gifts! Imagine his further astonishment at hearing that they had been sold for fabulous prices! Imagine the final surprise at finding them back again in her *salon*. It was all a ruse of hers to make him known. She had sold the pictures, bought them in again and thereby brought them before the notice of the richest amateurs of Paris. It cost her much money; but what between the story's getting out and the auction, her lover has as many orders as he can fill. It was all a trick you will say. Well, I don't deny it, but as the world goes few tricks have so much heart in them.

PANORGE.

LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

January 11th, 1860.

I HAVE just come from the funeral of Lord Macaulay, but will not tire your readers with any account of it. It was a very tame affair, nobody of any consequence there, in fact. Thomas Babington Macaulay fell between the two stools; he was too genteel for a poet or historian, and not well born enough for the aristocracy. In a word, as my friend Dr. Christmas of Sion College says, "he fell between the aristocracy and the *harristocracy*," but what that means I am not sufficiently posted up in the cockney dialect to explain.

There has been very little scandal lately, which is a pity, or I might have made this a very lively letter, which I am afraid it won't be; still it is not reasonable to expect that daring Lotharios will always be eloping with other men's wives merely to amuse the public, for so far as my experience has gone the last thing a man cares about is the rational entertainment of the community. The only exceptions to this unusual morality that I have heard of is the case of Mr. Holiday, who persuaded the wife of a tavern keeper named Thomas to abandon her beer-selling husband for his intellectual company. This Holiday was a photographer, who became so infatuated with her when she went to have her photograph taken, as a wedding anniversary present for her spouse, that he stamped his likeness on her heart. Unfortunately the frail fair one took with her a well-filled purse, which was found upon Mr. Holiday; he was therefore committed to prison, not for stealing the lady, but her husband's gold.

The other case is not one of guilt but merely misfortune, and will doubtless raise sympathy in the bosoms of all who weep over Romeo and Juliet. Let every one who sheds pails of tears over Bonner's *Ledger* every week get out their waterbutts for my present recital. A young gentleman named Whitley—it's rather a gay name—was Scripture reader in the village of Oxtou, a place near Birkenhead, but where the deuce Birkenhead is I don't know, as my informant didn't know himself; nevertheless the story is a true one, for it will be in all our next Sunday papers. This gay young bird, not content with making love to one middle-aged lady, did the tender to another lady of a more juvenile and juicy age; finding that the young lady's parents would not hear of the match, he persuaded her to steal a march upon those decided nuisances, papa and mamma, and elope with him. It was arranged that she should go by one train and he by another, and that she should go half an hour before him. In order to carry out this pretty little arrangement the fair and gushing Juliet of this comedy took her maid—presuming her to be one—into her confidence, no doubt handing over some valuable consideration for her fidelity; but the confidante in democratic muslin to this heroine in aristocratic satin knew a trick worth two of that, and for another valuable consideration he informed the parents of the gushing Juliet, who took their

measures with the strategic ability of a Napoleon. The hour came, but not the right man, for upon the fair runaway entering the church her feelings may be imagined when she beheld, not her Romeo, but her pa! One piercing shriek, and she fell into a flood of tears, for there was no young man's arms to fall in, so she naturally got into hot water. The father after giving her a good jobation (a cockney word signifying "getting fits") took her to the railway station. Thinking his bird all safe he let her retire into the ladies' private apartment. In a few minutes the steam whistle announced the arrival of the train, old gentleman got impatient, called out for his daughter; after a few minutes one of the attendants went to tell her the time was up. Alas, the bird had flown, Juliet had got out of the window! Sacrificing his two tickets for Manchester he rushed back to the church, where he saw the disconsolate Romeo listening to the sexton's account of the furious parent. At the sight of the young man, old man got furious, and pitched into him a *la Tom Hoyer*. Parson and sexton separated the enraged men, and the upshot is, that after he had given his would-be son-in-law a sound thrashing, the young lady made her appearance, fell on her marrow bones, when the old man relented and told the parson to marry them; when it was done he said to his daughter, "I shall catch it for this from the old woman."

Reverence this old gentleman as the model papa of the world!

There has lately been a curious trial in Leeds, a large manufacturing city in the north of England. It appears that a museum was opened there, called the Anatomical, it was filled with wax models of the human frame and all its component parts. But they have a very keen eye in moral England for the questionable, and the result was that some clergymen went there and pronounced the exhibition immoral. Whereupon the board of aldermen appointed themselves into a committee with the police justices to inspect, and report accordingly. On the morning appointed they went—examined this and that—saw everything in fact from the egg upwards—shook their heads over this and shut their eyes over that—then went and dined at the best hotel in the town and got gloriously tight; next morning indigestion having made them virtuous, they came to the conclusion that the whole exhibition was decidedly calculated to injure the morals of the community, and that as they had seen it there was no occasion for anybody else to see it. They therefore prohibited its being opened to the public, and ordered the wax figures to be destroyed. But the proprietor was one of the John Bull pig-headed race, and he has carried the matter into the courts of law. John Bull has a great reverence for outside morality, but he has also an equal reverence for property, and as wax represents value, he waxes wroth with those who attempt to invade its sanctity. This is at the bottom of their reverence for human life, since it represents a machine which contributes to the support of church and state in the shape of taxation.

I notice in your papers that my London friend, Dr. Achilli, has got into a scrape with some Jersey justice. Why don't you turn that State out of the Union? It does you no credit. I remember when a boy, hearing an old Jerseyman say a certain prayer in the Jersey dialect, and one passage read thus: "Give us this day our daily stranger!" When asked the meaning, the pious old fellow said, "Why, one stranger a day from New York furnishes food for all Jersey."

Lord Palmerston has put his foot into it with the Papists; I say Papists, for two-thirds of the English Roman Catholics highly approve of Louis Napoleon's plan to make the Pope's kingdom of the next world, as it ought to be, for it is certainly a disgrace to this. The priests, however, got up a meeting, and sent a deputation to the jauntty Pam; he received them with his usual *sans souci* manner, and in reply to their request that he would remonstrate with Louis Napoleon, blandly told them that the state religion was Protestant, and although it was true the Queen had eight millions of Catholic subjects, she had also a hundred millions of Hindoos and Mahometans, and that he might on the same principle be called upon to intercede with the Sultan of Turkey, the grand Cham of Tartary, or the King of Siam. Nevertheless, out of respect for so intelligent a deputation, he would present their memorial to his royal mistress. Pam hasn't much piety, but Lord John Russell and Mr. Gladstone have enough for half a dozen cabinets and a little left for the clergy, where, indeed, it is much needed at present, since every day brings out some fresh case of scandal. A report is whispered at the Reform Club that the governors in an Arch-deacon's family has gone into the country to reduce its weight. After all, we ought not to be too harsh; a clergyman is nothing better or worse than a man.

From the pulpit to the stage is a natural transition, so I'll say that Albert Smith has recovered from his apoplectic or epileptic attack, and is again delivering his pleasant and pictorial lectures. Apropos, how would it do for me to give a few lectures on England and Ireland on my return home. I have learned something about these strange islanders, from the chawbacon to the peer, and could tell a few strange tales of their manners and customs? (We advise our correspondent not to think of such a thing, every penny-a-liner lectures now a days—Ed.)

The Campbell Nigger Minstrels are doing an excellent business at the St. James's Hall. The mixture of sentiment with niggerdom takes well. Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul are still flourishing with their Patchwork at the Lyceum, where a company of Spanish dancers have been capering to the great delight of the public. An English paper congratulates Mr. Forrest upon having to pay his late wife a hand some annuity, since those who pay or receive an annual stipend never die.

JONATHAN.

BREVITIES.

If you wish to collect together all the pretty girls in town, advertise a "lecture to young men."

"I see," said a young lady, "that some booksellers advertise blank declarations for sale. I wish I could get one?" "Why?" asked her mother. "Because Mr. G. is too modest to ask me to marry him, and perhaps if I could fill up a blank declaration with the question, he would sign it."

THE Baron de Beranger relates that having detected a pickpocket in the very act of irregular abstraction, he took the liberty of inquiring whether there was anything in his face that had procured him the honor of being singled out for such an attempt. "Why, sir," said the fellow, "your face is well enough, but you had on thin shoes and white stockings in dirty weather, and so I made sure you were a flat."

If a woman could talk out of the two corners of her mouth at the same time there would be a good deal said on both sides.

A VULGAR, blustering man, attempting to push past John Wesley, cried out, "Sir, I never make way for a fool." "I always do," replied Wesley, stepping aside and calmly passing on.

"Got any ice at your end of the table, Bill?" "No, but I have got the next thing to it." "What's that?" "A severe cold."

A HIGH RENT.—A hole in the crown of your bad hat.

"That's a flame of mine," as the bellows said to the fire.

If you would enjoy your cigar, and at the same time the society of the ladies, you should invite none but widows, for they will bring their own weeds.

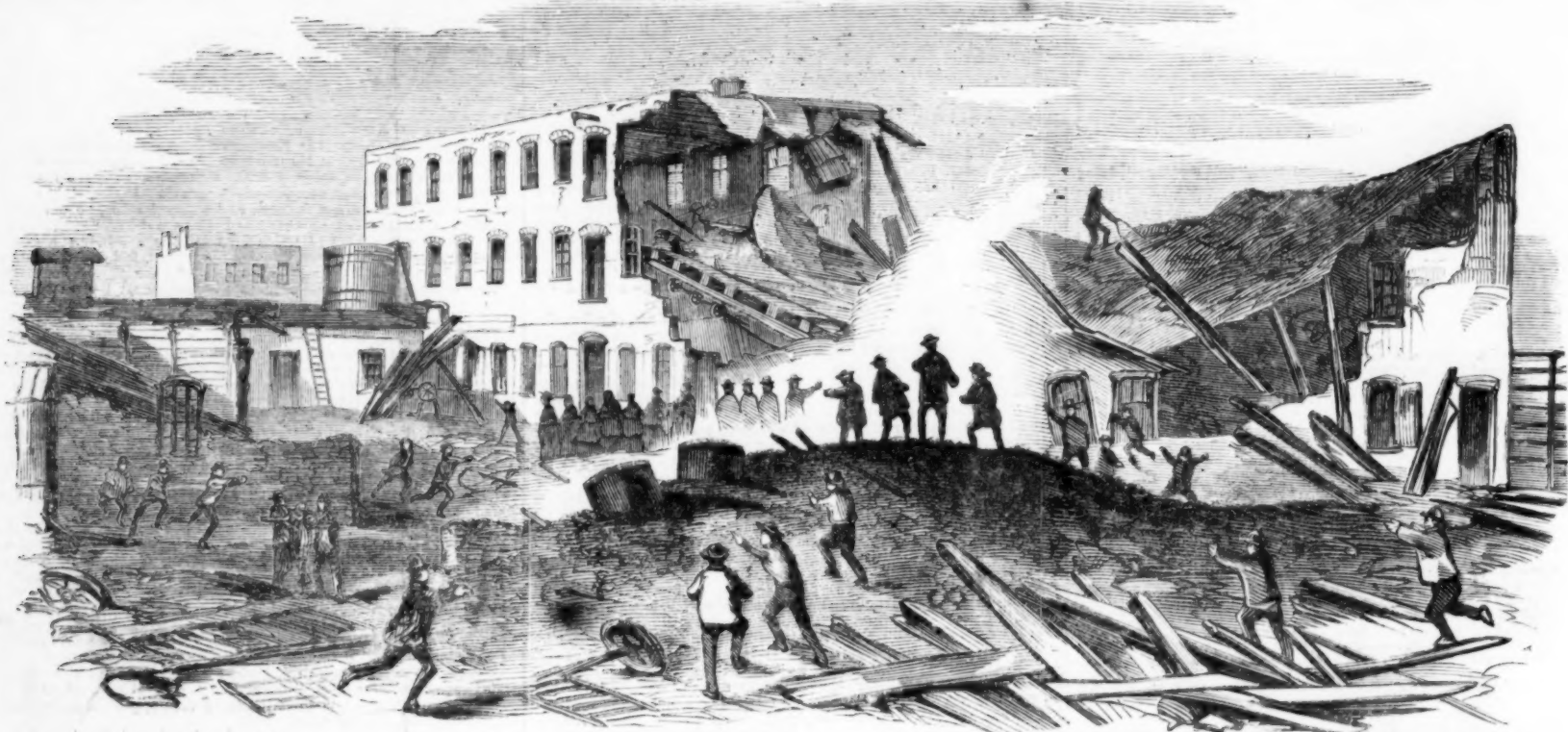
"Don't you mean to marry, my dear sir?" "No, my dear widow, I'd rather lose all the ribs I've got than take another."

THE *Bulletin* lays down a number of rules of action in case of one's clothes catching fire, and concludes by recommending any lady who should unfortunately find herself enveloped in the flames of her burning garments, to "keep as cool as possible."

It is worth while to hear what your servants say when they are angry; what your children say after they have slammed the door; what beggars say whom you have rejected from your door; what your neighbors say about your children; what your rivals say about your business or your dress.

WHEN your friends are laid up with the rheumatism, always press them to come over and take tea with you. While such acts of kindness entail no expense, they procure for you a larger reputation for sympathy and neighborly kindness. With proper discrimination, there is nothing that pays a better profit than "goodness of heart."

A COUNTRY apothecary being out for a day's shooting, took his errand-boy to carry his game bag. Entering a field of turnips, the dog pointed, and the boy, overjoyed at the prospect of his master's success, exclaimed, "Lor, master, there's a covey, if you get 'em, won't you physic 'em?" "Physic them, you young rascal, what do you mean?" said the doctor. "Why, kill 'em to be sure," replied the lad.



TERRIFIC EXPLOSION AT AMES & MOULTON'S HAT MANUFACTORY, COR. OF SANFORD STREET AND MYRTLE AV., EAST BROOKLYN, ON FRIDAY, FEB. 3RD.—TWENTY OR THIRTY PERSONS KILLED AND WOUNDED.



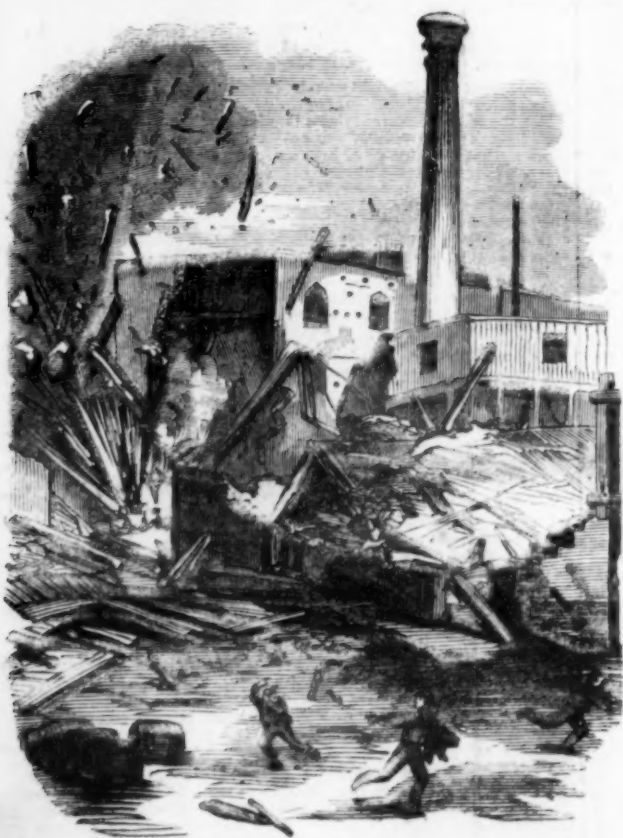
THE EXPLOSION AT AMES & MOULTON'S FACTORY—EXTRICATING THE DEAD BODIES FROM THE RUINS IN FRONT OF THE BOILER.



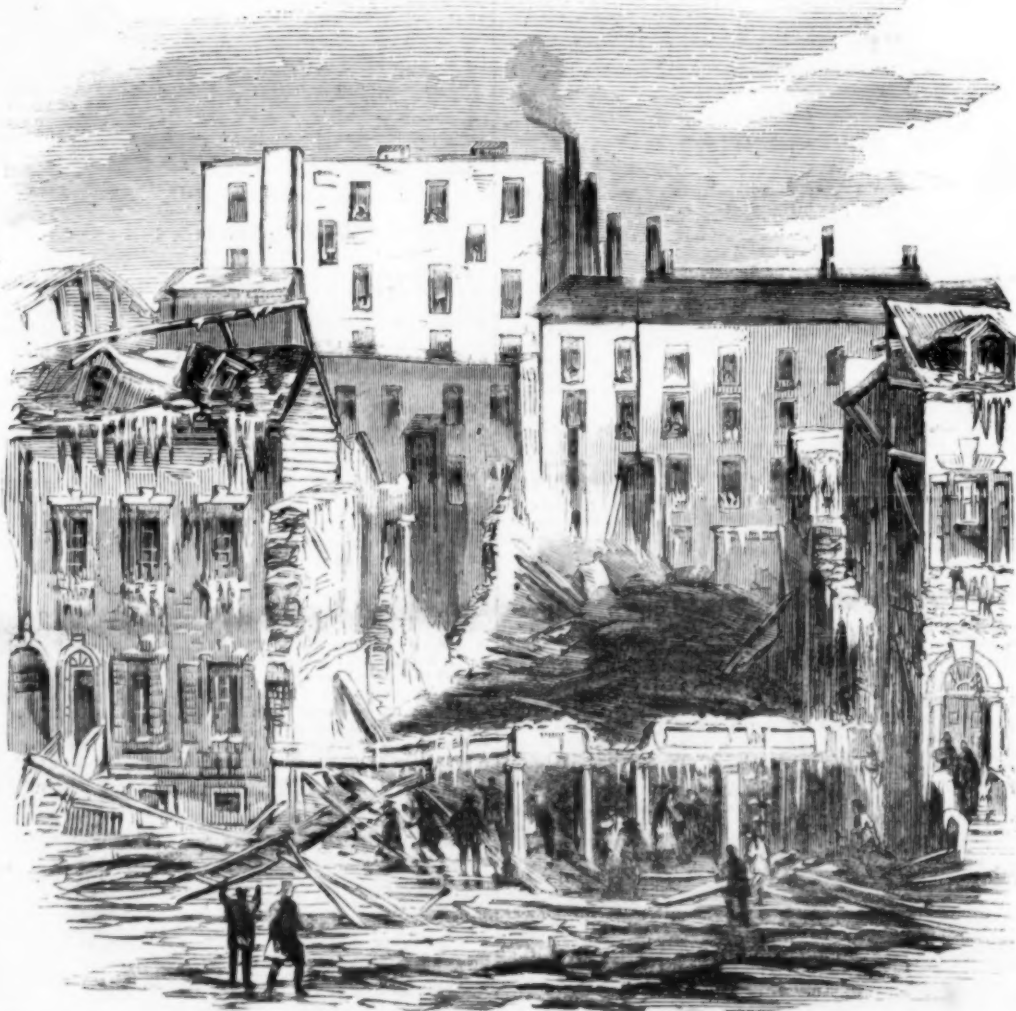
THE EXPLOSION AT AMES & MOULTON'S FACTORY—THE DEAD BODIES LAID UPON THE FLOOR OF A PORTION OF THE BUILDING NOT DESTROYED—PEOPLE ATTEMPTING TO RECOGNIZE THE BODIES.

TERRIBLE EXPLOSION AT THE HAT FACTORY, BROOKLYN.

The recent frightful accidents which have occurred are striking instances of how dreadfully the mechanical improvements of the age endanger human life. Our present paper teems with proofs of the carelessness with which our greatest factories are constructed, and calls for immediate Legislative action. At about half-past seven o'clock, on the morning of February 3d, the new large three-story hat factory of Messrs. Ames, Moulton & Co., in Sanford street, between Myrtle and Park avenues, extending through to Nostrand avenue.



EXPLOSION AT POLLEY'S SWILL MILK DISTILLERY, FIRST STREET, WILLIAMSBURG, THURSDAY, FEB. 2d.—TWO LIVES SACRIFICED.—SEE PAGE 174.



CALAMITOUS FIRE, FEB. 2d., AT NO. 142 ELM STREET—DOUBLE SIX STORY TENEMENT HOUSE TOTALLY DESTROYED—THIRTY HUMAN BEINGS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN BURNED TO ASHES.—SEE PAGE 174



VIEW OF THE RUINS OF BONNER'S "LEDGER OFFICE," ANN STREET, NEW YORK. DESTROYED BY FIRE ON SUNDAY MORNING, JAN. 29TH.—A VAST AMOUNT OF NEWSPAPER PROPERTY TOTALLY ANNIHILATED.



THE HON. MR. FAULKNER, OUR NEW MINISTER TO FRANCE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—
SEE PAGE 174.



JUDGE ARMY, OF KANSAS, WITNESS BEFORE THE BROWN COMMITTEE AT WASHINGTON.—PHOTOGRAPHED
BY BRADY.—SEE PAGE 174.

and which was completed only about two weeks since, was blown up with a tremendous report by the explosion of one of the steam boilers. Seven men were almost instantly killed, and a number of other persons were wounded.

The buildings extend from Nostrand avenue, near Myrtle, to Sanford street. The main structure is two hundred feet long and twenty-five feet wide, with a building adjoining on the east side thirty feet square—both buildings of brick and three stories high. The boiler was on the ground floor of the latter building.

The noise of the explosion was heard a mile distant, and such the force that the houses in the neighborhood shook to their foundations. A portion of the boiler was impelled a distance of two hundred and fifty feet.

A general fire alarm was rung, and the firemen and police were promptly on the ground, and commenced tearing away the rubbish. The succeeded in extricating all who were supposed to be underneath. The dead were taken into the siding department, and were all recognized up to noon except two. The injured were taken to their residences or to the Hospital.

The boilers and machinery used in the factory were manufactured by Messrs. Woodruff & Beach, of Hartford, Connecticut, and were not entirely completed at the time of explosion. The boiler-room was situated about midway between the main building of the factory and another building used as the drying-room, which extended nearly the whole length of the main building in the same direction. The force of the explosion was so great that both of these buildings were completely demolished, and now lie a heap of ruins.

It is supposed that at the time of the accident there were about twenty-five persons in the buildings. In the main building there were one hundred and twenty men and one hundred girls employed. Provisionally there were only nine girls there at the time. As yet it is unknown how many men there were. The general alarm brought thousands to the scene, and the excitement around the ruins was very great; but the firemen and citizens set to work immediately to clear away the rubbish.

The explosion is supposed to have been caused by the freezing of the water in the pumps, which were used for the purpose of feeding the boiler, but as the engineer is killed this fact cannot be ascertained for certain. It is said that the water in the boiler which burst was up to the first gauge cock. The force of the explosion tore the boiler into fragments, one of which passed through three twelve-inch walls in the main building, and came down about twenty-five feet beyond the third one.

Another portion of the boiler struck the building used as the dry room, near the roof, and passed through both walls, sending the bricks in every direction. The building cost twelve thousand dollars, the machinery ten thousand dollars, and the stock about fifteen thousand dollars, making a total loss to the owners of thirty-seven thousand dollars.

A large number of people are still at work clearing up the ruins and endeavoring to find more of the missing.

FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT IN WILLIAMSBURG. Explosion of a Steam Boiler.

THE past week has been prolific of disasters. On Thursday, about ten o'clock, the neighborhood of North Fifth street was startled by a tremendous explosion, which proceeded from the distillery of Graham Polley. The air was darkened by smoke and dust, while masses of brick, mortar, fragments of iron and splinters of wood fell in all directions. At the first noise numbers rushed out into the street, but were speedily driven back by the shower of burning materials that fell upon them. When the smoke had somewhat cleared away it was found that one of the distillery boilers had exploded and caused this wide-spread ruin.

A blacksmith, named Thomas Shannon, who was at work in a shop two hundred feet from the distillery, rushed out of his door just in time to be struck by a large fragment of the boiler, which carried away one corner of the building and fell upon the sidewalk. He was shockingly mutilated about the head, and was conveyed to a drug-gist's near by, in a dying state.

George Bell, who was in a stable adjoining, was covered by the walls which were thrown down, and taken out so badly injured that he died in a short time. Both of these men were married, and leave large families. The remaining portion of the boiler, including the fire flue which ran through its centre, was thrown about fifty feet across to the opposite side of the street. An inspection of the fragments shows that it was a very antiquated affair, patched all over like a dilapidated garment, and, in places, was no thicker than a copper cent. In a word, that it was utterly worthless and dangerous as a steam boiler. The engines were soon upon the spot, but there was no need of their services, except to assist in clearing away the rubbish.

A granary adjoining had its entire west wall destroyed, and about a thousand dollars worth mingled in the ruins. The brick building which encased the boilers was shattered to atoms, and not a trace left except the flooring. Mr. Wood, the engineer, and his two firemen, being at some little distance, escaped. Mr. Wood states that the boiler was one of two which was used, not for generating steam for the engine, but to heat water for the uses of the distillery, the steam which may be generated being allowed to escape into a tank, which can only sustain a pressure of seven pounds. The fire used under the steam boilers proper is "returned" under these water-heating boilers. They had a safety-valve and water-cock attached, but no water-gauge. The impression prevailed that the cold weather of the previous night had frozen up the feed pipes of the force pump, and that while the engineer supposed the boiler was full of water it was really empty, or so nearly so as to result in the disastrous explosion which followed.

The public will not fail to recollect that Graham Polley is the man whose distillery supplied the swill for those pest and poison houses, called swill milk stables, which dealt death to thousands of unhappy children. His defective and rotten boiler has now deprived two families of their support. Surely there must be some law to reach such offenders; and if not, there must be one to protect human life from such fearful risks.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE IN ELM STREET.

On Thursday evening, about half-past seven o'clock, a fire burst out in a tenement house, No. 142 in Elm street, which was attended by the most calamitous results, no less than twenty lives being sacrificed. This modern Babel was occupied by over twenty families, most of them having some small children, many of whom perished in the flames, victims to the villainy and cruelty of capital. The fire commenced in the cellar, which was used as a bake-house, and the flames spread with the greatest rapidity, unfortunately burning the stairway, so that all egress was cut off to the doomed occupants. It was a frightful scene to behold the wretches and despairing creatures shrieking for help from the windows, but their cries were vain for succor in this dreadful position, there being no ladders in the neighborhood, and when they were brought it was found impossible to reach the burning people, owing to the shortness of the ladders. It is calculated that there were at least one hundred and twenty persons in the building, and of these far the greater number were infants and children. A few sprang madly from the windows, while the rest, suffocated by the flames and smoke, fell fainting on the floor, there to be charred like worthless wood.

The scene at this time, or about half an hour after the fire broke out, was appalling in the extreme. Thousands of people were congregated below, the working of engines, the cries of parents in search of lost children, and of children looking for their parents, the groans of some wounded sufferer being conveyed to the Hospital, the shrieks of the burning creatures inside the building—all con-

spired to make this scene one of the most terrible it has ever been our duty to record.

About a dozen, equally divided between women and children, were rescued from the rear building by members of the various truck companies. The firemen could plainly see inside numbers lying upon the floor suffocated, and were obliged to retreat, owing to the intense heat and consequent danger, leaving many who were praying for life to die.

Some seeing all hope of escape shut off, rushed upon the roof, but only to meet their fate in another shape, for they had hardly gained it when the roof fell in with a tremendous crash, and of course buried them in the mass of blazing ruins. The crowd below, at this horrible sight, gave one shout of terror and seemed paralyzed with horror.

A girl named White, about sixteen years of age, who resided with her parents on the third floor, escaped by jumping from the window to the street. Wonderful to say, she escaped without receiving any material injury. She was taken to the police headquarters, where her cries and lamentations for her lost parents and brothers were sorrowful in the extreme. It is gratifying to say that all her relatives in the building were saved.

A man and a girl clung on by one of the side windows from the fifth story, but no assistance could be rendered them, and they both fell to the ground.

Towards midnight the heroic exertions of the firemen managed to subdue the flames, but not till the house was almost entirely destroyed.

GREAT FIRE IN ANN STREET.

Destruction of the New York Ledger Printing Office—Injury to the New York Mercury—Bradstreet's Commercial Report—Sunday Atlas—Dismore's Railroad Guide—Merry's Museum and Children's Cabinet—Coachmakers' Magazine—The Old Spirit of the Times—Palmer & Co.'s Opera Librettos.

THE region bounded by Frankfort street, Fulton street, William and Nassau streets, is a perfect nest of newspaper and printing offices. From the ground to the attic floor literature reigns supreme. It is the lodging-place of genius, or whatever else fills up the columns of our daily, weekly and monthly papers and magazines, and a fire in this locality is calculated to produce a dearth in the intellectual food of a million or so of people. The fire which created so great a flutter among the public here commenced at 48 Ann street, between one and two o'clock on Sunday morning, the 29th ult., and extended through to 113 Fulton street. Five minutes after the alarm was given the engines were hastening to the spot, among them the steam-engine Manhattan No. 8, which did most admirable service; indeed, it was the general opinion that but for its effective service the fire must have spread across Fulton street, to the destruction of a vast amount of property. The steam fire-engine force should be greatly increased.

Among the publishers the greatest sufferer was Robert Bonner, Esq., proprietor and editor of the New York Ledger. Fortunately for the subscribers of that popular paper, the country edition, numbering some hundreds of thousands, had all been sent off on Saturday; but some eighty thousand of the city edition, all the paper for the next paper, and the presses, were on the premises and were entirely consumed. The loss amounts to at least thirty thousand dollars, upon which there was an insurance of twenty thousand dollars. There will be no delay in the issue of the Ledger, the vast resources and the active energy of Mr. Bonner having already remedied the losses.

The heaviest losers are the steam printers Messrs. Wynkoop, Hallenbeck & Thomas. The amount of their property consumed is over eighty thousand dollars, upon which there is an insurance of only sixty-one thousand dollars in small sums in various offices. The Mercury loses about four thousand five hundred dollars, Commercial Report five thousand dollars, Dismore's Railroad Guide three thousand dollars; the other papers a mere trifle, and upon all these there is some insurance. The building was owned by Mr. Bruce; loss about fifteen thousand dollars; insured for ten thousand dollars. The stock of drugs in 113 Fulton street, owned by Ward, Close & Co., was damaged by water to the extent of thirty-five thousand dollars, covered by an insurance of seventy-five thousand dollars.

The New York (old) Spirit of the Times, published by Jones, Thorpe & Hays, lost the second form of the last number of the twenty-ninth volume, the entire edition; and the entire sheets lost of the current volume of the Turf Register for 1859-60.

Palmer & Co., publishers of the Academy Opera Libretti, were losers to the amount of \$1,500 in stock. But they took immediate steps to replace their loss, so that they will have all the copies they require for the coming season at the Academy of Music.

This fire cannot but prove very disastrous to the insurance companies, and but for the combined exertions of the fire companies and the steam fire engines the calamity would have been infinitely greater.

HON. C. J. FAULKNER, UNITED STATES PLENI- POTENTIARY TO FRANCE.

CHARLES JAMES FAULKNER was born in Berkeley county, Virginia, where he still resides, and is about fifty years old. His father, Major James Faulkner, distinguished himself in the War of 1812, especially at the defence of Craney Island, where he commanded the artillery, and for his gallantry received the thanks of the General Assembly of Virginia. His maternal grandfather, Captain William Mackay, was a Revolutionary officer, who was wounded and captured at the Brandywine. Orphaned at the age of eight years, and being left without a single relative, the subject of this sketch, when he could think on his position, found that on self-reliance alone could he hope for success. As he said in a speech in 1852, the very solitude of his situation was more to him than the gold of Ophir. He received a collegiate education, was admitted to the bar in 1829, and quickly commanded a lucrative practice. As soon as eligible, he was returned to the House of Delegates, and took part in 1832 in the great debate on the expediency of gradually abolishing slavery in Virginia. The part which Mr. Faulkner bore in the discussion gave him great prominence in the State.

In 1832 Mr. Faulkner was appointed by Governor John Floyd, father of the present Secretary of War, Commissioner on the part of Virginia to report on the Boundary question then existing between that State and Maryland. He had the good fortune to adjust the difficulty. In 1833, in the exciting session which followed Jackson's celebrated Proclamation, Mr. Faulkner made two speeches in the Assembly on the relation of the States to the Federal Government. They condemn the Nullification doctrine, but in all other respects assert the States' Rights doctrines of Calhoun. In this year Mr. Faulkner was married and retired to private life.

In 1841 he was again called into politics and sent to the Senate of Virginia, but soon resigned. In 1843 he was a prominent advocate of the annexation of Texas, and in 1846 was much distinguished by his prompt and efficient support of the Mexican War. As early as the 12th of May he was stimulating the organization of companies, and offered his own services to the Governor. He aroused the people, and announced that so long as his purse lasted the family of no man who went to fight the battles of his country should want any of the comforts or necessities of life; and also that, if Congress did not vote bounty, he would give each man who enlisted from Berkeley, and received an honorable discharge, one hundred and fifty acres of land in Texas.

Mr. Faulkner's speech and report in December, 1848, on violations of the Federal compact, made his name prominent throughout the South as a reliable champion. In 1850 he was a member of the Constitutional Convention of Virginia with Governor Wise, John Y. Mason, John M. Botts, John Letcher, M. R. E. Garnett and others; and in 1851 he was elected to Congress, defeating Hon. Henry

Bedinger. Mr. Faulkner has been three times re-elected. His Congressional career was successful personally and politically. He devoted himself largely to the military interests of the country, to Governmental economy, to Congressional non-intervention in the matter of slavery, &c.

He entered into the Presidential contests of 1852 and 1856 with ardor, and greatly aided the claims of Presidents Pierce and Buchanan. After the Cincinnati Convention had adjourned, Mr. Faulkner was called upon to assume the Chairmanship of the National Presidential Committee at Washington, and take charge of the canvass. For these important services the President has conferred the important mission to France, one for which, in addition to Mr. Faulkner's political status, his intimate acquaintance with the language and literature of France peculiarly qualifies him.

JUDGE W. F. M. ARMY, GENERAL AGENT OF THE NATIONAL KANSAS AID COMMITTEE, Witness before the Harper's Ferry Investigating Committee.

JUDGE ARMY is a native of Georgetown, District of Columbia, and is now forty-six years of age. At the age of eighteen he left home, and spent three years in Norfolk, Virginia, during which time he learned a mechanical trade, after which he went to Richmond, Virginia, to qualify himself for the ministry at the Baptist Theological Seminary. From this he removed to Bethany, in the same State, and for several years was connected with Bethany College. About ten years ago he left the College and went to Illinois, where he devoted himself to the agricultural and educational interests of that State, and assisted in originating the State Teachers' Institute and establishing the Illinois State Teacher, of which he was an editor. He is a prominent member of the United States Agricultural Society, and the first to propose to that organization the establishment of Industrial Universities in each State, Territory and the District of Columbia, with aid from the General Government.

About twenty years ago he became intimately acquainted with John Brown, and being convinced by his observations during the Southampton insurrection in Virginia, that slavery was an evil, he determined to do what he could to legally abolish it. With that view he wrote a pamphlet, entitled "An Anti-Slavery Bible Argument, by a Citizen of Virginia," which was published and circulated throughout the South.

When the troubles began in Kansas he took an active part in them, was appointed the member of the National Kansas Aid Committee for Illinois, and General Agent of that Committee. There was obtained from the Free States about two hundred thousand dollars, which was used to repel invasion; but Mr. Army being a non-resistant, occupied himself in the distribution of food and clothing to the sufferers in Kansas, and did what he could to prevent arms and munitions of war, which were placed in his hands, from being improperly used.

In the spring of 1857 he removed his family to Kansas, shortly after which Anderson county, where he located, established an independent Government upon the doctrine of the Kansas-Nebraska bill. Mr. Army was chosen Judge of the county, and proposed to Governor Walker to pay the taxes of the county under protest. The Governor recognized their right to organize, and the result was peace in that county.

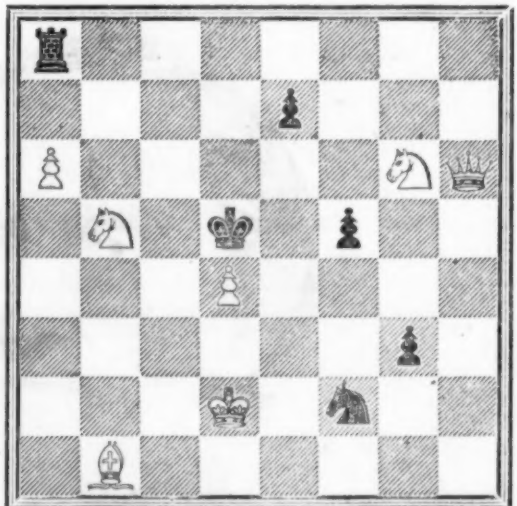
Judge Army was elected State Senator under the Topeka Constitution, and subsequently a member of the Leavenworth Constitutional Convention, and is now a candidate for the United States Senate under the Wyandotte State Constitution. His acquaintance with Brown, Reelf, Cook, Kagi, and his intimate knowledge of Kansas affairs, renders his testimony before the Investigating Committee of considerable interest.

CHESS.

All communications and newspapers intended for the Chess Department should be addressed to T. Frère, the Chess Editor, Box 2496, N. Y. P. O.

PROBLEM No. 225.—By OLIVER F. REED, Penn Yan, N. Y. White to play and checkmate in four moves.

BLACK.



WHITE.

KING AND QUEEN AGAINST KING AND TWO KNIGHTS.—This is one of the most difficult end games in Chess. The following position will serve as a curious example how the two Knights can defend themselves against the Queen:

K Kt 3

Q B

K B

K B 3

K Kt 3

White with the move can but draw as follows:

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1 Q to K 6	K to Kt 2	4 Q to Q 6	K to B 2
2 K to B 3	Kt to R 2	5 Q to Q 5 (ch)	K to Kt 2
3 K to Kt 4	Kt to B sq	6 K to Kt 5	Kt to R 2 (ch)

And draws.—Eva.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—JAS. B. CRAIGHEAD, Nashville, Tenn. Two problems received. Have written you by mail.—J. M., New York. The author says B to B 4.

AMONG the visitors to the recently erected baths in Galashiels were two men from the country, who were much puzzled and pleased with their construction. One of them, anxious to give his neighbor the benefit of his discoveries, leaned into the bottom of a shower bath, and in this position was explaining how the water flowed out, when a rope above attracted the eye of the other visitor. He seized hold of it, saying, "This'll be the bell for ringing for mair water na," and giving it a tug, a copious stream descended on the head and shoulders of his companion, much to the surprise as well as the discomfort of his neighbor.

POST OFFICE NOTICE.

THE MAILS FOR EUROPE,
Via Liverpool per U. S. Steamer CITY OF BALTIMORE, will
close at this office on Saturday, the 11th day of February,
at 10½ o'clock A. M.

ISAAC V. FOWLER, Postmaster.

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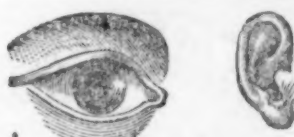
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will effect a cure.

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